

Nineteenth Year--January 6, 1912

Los Angeles, California--Price Ten Cents

# *The* GRAPHIC



## JANUARY IN CALIFORNIA

BY EDITH DALEY

In cloudy mantle, silver-gray, full-bosomed, tender-eyed;  
Each throb of joy so deeply sweet it trembles into tears,  
Her wind-voice crooning lullabies where sad December died,  
Earth goes the way of Motherhood adown the path of years,  
The travail pain of yesterday the mother earth forgets---  
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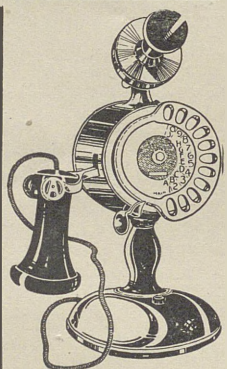
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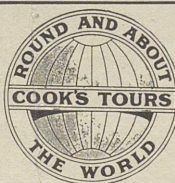
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# THE GRAPHIC

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NINETEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



## FREEDOM OF A MAETERLINCKIAN KIND

WE HAVE been measurably impressed and properly edified by the expressions attributed to Madame Maurice Maeterlinck in favor of divorce. She of the leopard skins and the forehead diamond—vaguely suggestive of Rider Haggard's mysterious African heroine—is in Boston, preparing to reveal operatic glories to that benighted community. After a sojourn of fifteen or twenty minutes in that uncivilized spot she is quoted as saying "This is the city of silence and of work;" presently adding: "Boston holds the first place in the world for rest."

Now, if she had been in Philadelphia when this Delphic utterance was delivered we could accept it placidly, as being in harmony with the humorous traditions of the country, but to designate Boston a city of silence—and of rest—is disturbing, unsettling. Silence! with the drays and light cavalry clattering over her rock-ribbed streets! Rest! With all those seething brains in travail, solving the problems of ages. Why, madame!

Unlike those several wives of genius who have come to grief on matrimonial shoals of late, to wit, Madame Richard Le Gallienne, Madame Upton Sinclair, and Madame Booth Tarkington, Madame Maeterlinck is supremely happy in her domestic relations with her marital genius. It is worth while to get her recipe: "He is not always to be handled with gloves. He must not be coddled and kowtowed to. The woman who will bow down to a husband is but half a woman. It is fortunate if you can have a husband whom you really love and love to work with as I do with mine. But if your wedded life does not mean true love, there should be a separation."

Nothing startling in this, nothing unusual, nothing that woman has not mentally settled long ago. But, hold! She continues: "Love of woman's freedom does not mean she should have woman's rights, so-called. It is a waste of time, foolishness of the ballot. Woman is not made to usurp men's ways. Let her be free in love and in life, but let—O, let her be a woman."

California women will please note this scornful allusion to their recently-acquired, hard-fought victory. "A waste of time—foolishness of the ballot." Freedom? For her? It is to be free in love and life! Evidently, such a triviality as the ballot is not regarded by this visiting priestess as having a place in woman's life. That is usurpation of men's ways. But to be free in love! "To love whom she chooses—one man, perhaps, or hundreds, hundreds!"

O, fie, madame! Not so many—or shall we say one at a time? Is woman unhappy with one man? Divorce him, get another, is her doctrine. And who shall refute it? "Divorce for those who are so unhappy to need it is a godsend; even more important than marriage itself," madame is quoted as saying. This unlimited scope she would accord, however, smacks so strongly of the free love sentiment that used to be prevalent in the Oneida community of New York, a decade or so ago, that we hesitate to pursue the subject. It is comforting

to find that Madame Maeterlinck's principles are not exemplified in her practice. Her Maurice, genius though he be, is concentrated happiness enough for her.

## RULING PASSION IN PRISON

NO matter whether Warden W. H. Moyer of the federal prison at Atlanta, Ga., declined to participate in the profits of the Wall street deal, or not, Ex-Banker Morse never should have been permitted to conduct his speculative operations. To the extent of allowing the convict to send a cipher message to a New York broker, by means of which the coup was effected, the warden was culpable and deserving of censure. His belated conscience, which asserted itself after Morse offered to divide the profits of selling gas stock, "short," made so loud outcry, that the former banker, by reason of it, has been rendered unhappy ever since.

It is charged that Warden Moyer has persecuted Morse on divers occasions because of the violent antipathy he has conceived, and the editor of an Atlanta paper, professing to be cognizant of the facts, has threatened to ask for a congressional investigation of Morse's alleged mal-treatment. This has aroused Moyer's ire and he challenges the newspaper man to go ahead with his expose, but warns him to stick to the truth, or he will hold him personally responsible.

It seems that after the warden had allowed Morse to wire his broker the federal official had misgivings and reported the transaction to the attorney-general, who interdicted repetition of the act. Morse, duly grateful, however, for the privilege, which yielded profitable returns, tendered one-half the proceeds to his benefactor, who not only scorned the proffer, but made the prison-speculator's life miserable thereafter.

Moyer, of course, was in error in the first place and by that quirk of human nature that makes mortals bear resentment toward those whose temptations—to which they yield—prove costly he has "had it in" for his male Delilah in consequence. The case calls for a reprimand for the warden, but no after penalties for his tempter. Morse was merely following out the passion of a life. It was over-speculation that landed him in prison and it is not strange that he hungered to "put one over." We might suggest that a private wire be installed in his cell connecting with an imaginary broker's office, a "tape" appurtenance also being furnished. It will do no harm and will help to render less onerous the hours that must press heavily on the brain of this erstwhile active operator.

## MORE RECRUITS FOR HIS CLUB

NATURALLY, with the bruited of his name as a likely presidential candidate it is incumbent upon the Colonel to keep himself well to the fore. In New York he has succeeded in getting the front page for several days of late by reason of his controversy with the Evening Post of that city which, after having published an alleged interview with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, finds itself nominated to membership in the Ananias Club for "wilfully and maliciously" misquoting the Colonel, who characterizes the Evening Post's article as "an unpardonable piece of moral obliquity."

What gave rise to this burst of indignation on the part of the Colonel was an article in the Post regarding the correspondence between Theodore Roosevelt and George R. Sheldon on the Harri-man contribution in 1904. Col. Roosevelt accuses the newspaper of mendacity in attempting to raise an issue of veracity between himself and Mr. Sheldon as to which of them took the initiative in writing the letters, and afterward making them public. He asserts that the Evening Post omitted to print what he was very careful to insert, that, "in the essentials, or substantially," he agreed with Mr. Sheldon's statement, the purpose of the Post, it is

charged, being to show that the action had been on the Colonel's initiative instead of Mr. Sheldon's.

Promising that if it found that injustice had been done the Colonel it would make the amende honorable the Evening Post had the reporter "on the carpet" and decided that he had uttered the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth and that the paper was not a candidate for the Ananias Club. Whereupon the Colonel retorts, with a grin, that the paper is a charter member anyway. And there you are.

## NOT SO CRUDE AS PAINTED

WHEN Arnold Bennett was in this country recently the well-known British novelist and essayist was urged to move westward from New York to view the country, but his time of stay was limited and unlike his preceding colleague, Mr. W. J. Locke, the author of "The Beloved Vagabond," he gained his impressions of America wholly from the rather insular atmosphere of the Atlantic coast metropolis. We will admit that New York offers a fine field of survey, unsurpassed in many particulars, such as the drama, grand opera, magazines and apartment houses, but they are the orchids of the city hot-house, so to say, not the natural garden flowers of the nation.

However, it is of such that Mr. Bennett has told the London interviewers on his return home, an echo of which has reached us on the Pacific coast. "American actors," he allows, "are on a level with our own, but their theaters are not so fine as ours." In other words we have the histrionic talent, minus the superb setting that London affords. Pity that the New Theater was closed when Mr. Bennett was in New York; in that subsidized home for the drama, now temporarily housing the "Garden of Allah" pictorial display, he might have found an interior, architecturally equal, if not superior to his home products, to which he refers so complacently. With laconic directness he adds: "American plays are bad." They are, indeed, but the fault lies largely with the producers. They offer so little encouragement to native playwrights for creative work. It requires courage of a high order and the tenacity of a British bulldog to market a meritorious play if the author happens to be unknown.

What the country needs is a subsidized theater such as the French capital enjoys. In addition, we should have a national school of acting where good plays by unknown writers might be tried out and if found worthy passed on to theater managers, bearing the hall mark of the National Dramatic College. This, we have long contended, is the rational solution to the problem: "What shall we do to elevate the American stage?" First, give it a chance to gain the higher impulse. The public, we doubt not, will be prompt to voice its approval. That it will even submit with good grace to a preachment, that has little or no dramatic action from without is shown by the full houses that greet "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." But such a play calls for an actor of the first rank, to wit, Mr. Forbes Robertson, to give it vogue, and a well-balanced company of distinct merit in support.

American magazines, Mr. Bennett pronounced "excellent," and the newspapers he found interesting and accurate. But again the sting: "American interviewers are the worst in the world." That is to say, Mr. Hearst's young men, after being accorded a reception, took their notes back to the office and turned in their copy, which was "edited" on the desk to conform to the Hearstian style, or shall we say, formula. It is not unusual for the man interviewed to pick up the paper, in which his solicited opinions appear, to find them wholly unrecognizable as his own, but a beautiful indorsement of the spasmodic aims and momentary idiosyncrasies of the proprietor of the journal, whose front page is seldom without his benignly bovine presentment in half tone.

It is refreshing and gratifying to learn from Mr.



Bennett that we are not so crude as returned travelers to Great Britain have been painting us. Declares the author of "The Old Wives' Tale":

They are not the boastful, vulgar people they have been represented to be, though they have, indeed, much to boast of. We English like to believe that the Americans do not understand the science of comfort. When I recall the efforts I made years ago to find furnished apartments in London, and found that in one which was advertised as for "persons of distinction" the newly installed bath was held up as a great favorite with visitors, I am convinced that we cannot teach Americans, who quite often have a bath for each member of the household, how to live comfortably. Homes, as well as hotels, are infinitely more comfortable in America than in England.

Until comparatively recent years it was not an unusual practice for visiting Britishers to carry with them, as part of their traveling impedimenta, a small bawth-tub, which the faithful valet bore into the American hotel for the comfort of his lord and master, only to find—well that eccentricity has disappeared along with other insularities that were wont to signalize the Englishman of a quarter of a century ago. Like Mr. Bennett, who has come and gone, spreading the gospel of enlightenment, the average Britisher has learned a lot about this country since the Trollopes, mother and son, viewed us in our formative period, wrote about us and flayed us, followed by Charles Dickens who revealed a few of our characteristic traits with surpassing candor. "Times have changed," said the cat's meat man.

#### OVERRULED A GOOD ORDER

FOR amending his original order, limiting the practice of medicine in the Panama Canal Zone to physicians and surgeons regularly, licensed, by the addition of a clause exempting from its ban on unlicensed doctors those engaged in "practice of religious tenets of any church," President Taft is being scolded by Eastern newspapers for yielding to pressure from those who have more regard for private than public interests. In this instance the New York Times thinks he has, by reversing himself, risked endangering the success and completion of the nation's greatest and most important public work. It states the circumstances in these words:

Several months ago the health officers in the canal zone advised the issuance by the President of an order limiting the practice of medicine there as outlined, and the request was granted—for the best of reasons. In the first place, it came from men who in a few years have changed Panama from a pesthole, where a Northerner could not remain a single day without imperiling his life, to one whose thousands of both white and black employees are working the year round with a death rate far below that of many of our own cities. In the second place, those men knew that their magnificent, almost miraculous, achievements depended for permanence upon a rigid observance of the methods and precautions by which it had been attained, and that the charlatan, the quack healer, and especially one who denies the very existence of disease, while dangerous enough at home, was more than likely to commit wholesale murder in Panama.

With the issuance of the order a loud protest arose that it barred the Christian Science practitioner from the isthmus. This, in fact, was the intention. But the President, although he knew he was right, lacked the courage, alas, to stand by his convictions, the fear of refusal, with a campaign for renomination ahead, leading him to overrule his excellent order. Commenting upon this the New York Times deplores the fact that "it will compel Col. Gorgas and his staff to stand helpless, waiting for the inevitable and terrible results, for which the President will justly be held to a heavy responsibility."

There is much justice in this implied accusation. Highly as we regard the earnest Christian Scientist, whose daily life, as a rule, is altogether admirable, there is a deadline beyond which the healer should not attempt to pass and we believe the canal zone, above all other places, suggests that bar. We have seen so many evidences of good work by Science healers that we are far from carping at their profession of faith, but the ills they relieve are mostly mental and in effecting cures of this kind they have often succeeded where the best licensed physicians have failed. However, in cases of malignant diseases the testimony is strong that the Science healer is powerless, whereas the regular physician with his anti-toxin injections has a sure remedy if called in time.

It is disease of a malignant type, not mental, that

ever menaces the Panama Canal Zone, and the slightest deviation from precautionary methods might precipitate a scourge that would decimate the zone in short order. We hardly believe that our Christian Science friends would regard such an epidemic with equanimity. The charge of responsibility, inevitably, would be laid at their doors. For this reason we fear the concession wrung from the President may prove costly to the Science church.

#### LA FOLLETTE MEETS OPPOSITION

FROM Ohio Senator La Follette has crossed over into Michigan where he is repeating, this week, his luminous speeches made in President Taft's home state a few days ago, when he opened his presidential campaign for delegates. At Lansing, where he was scheduled to speak, he disappointed his progressive audiences, but Governor Chase Osborn, who was to have introduced the senator went ahead with the program and, incidentally, arraigned the Wisconsin man in a speech of rather caustic proportions.

He accused the Badger state candidate of cunningly espousing those measures least harmful to himself; that his campaign is calculated to arouse the passions and make for a condition of public intolerance worse than personal or individual intolerance because it has so much more force. The governor pointed out that neither in his speeches nor in his writings does Senator La Follette distinguish between honest men in big business and dishonest men; that we must have big business in this country if we are to compete in the manufactures and transactions of the world.

This is an eminently sane observation. Of course, as the governor declares, big business should not be permitted to oppress the people and in La Follette's efforts to discourage that sort of thing he has done excellent work. We agree with Governor Chase that La Follette can do more good for his country in the United States senate than in the White House. We agree with the Michigan executive that neither La Follette nor Taft, if either was nominated, can be elected, and in moving that both withdraw from the race we heartily second the motion.

Over in Ohio, at Cleveland, La Follette defined his idea of progressivism, laying chief stress on the three cardinal principles of direct legislation, and emphasizing his belief in the extension of the recall to the judiciary. This, of course, is in direct opposition to Mr. Taft's expressed convictions and contravenes Governor Woodrow Wilson's views in that regard. It is evident that the Wisconsin senator expects to make his appeal as a practical reformer, pointing to what has been accomplished in the Badger state in the last ten years in substantiation of his claims. "There," he tells us, "progressivism is based on scientific research and investigation." "We have done nothing in Wisconsin until experts have gone to the bottom of every subject considered and found out what is just." He wants to do the same thing for the nation and hopes to lay the foundation for it next June in Chicago, at the Republican national convention. His keynote is "get the government back to the people," which he proposes to do through direct legislation, instead of representative conventions. His "the fight to maintain human liberty, the rights of all the people, against the encroachment of a powerful few."

This sounds well and, doubtless, Senator La Follette is in earnest. The utterance has a Bryan-esque ring to it, but that is not strange since the La Follette platform of today is not vastly different from the Nebraska man's platform speeches of sixteen years ago, save that silver and the heaven-born ratio are eliminated. Mr. Bryan's strong card was his devotion to the interests of the plain people. This, too, is the La Follette battle-cry. The movement he represents can be expressed, he says, in a single sentence: "It comprehends the aspiration of the human race in its struggle from the beginning down to the present time." This is of so far-reaching a scope that we hardly see how any citizen, tired of existing conditions, can fail to be attracted to his leadership. From Adam, of the first historic period to the insurgent of the twentieth century is inclusive enough, surely. There can be no heart-burnings in view of such a category.

Senator La Follette evidently thinks he is on safe ground when he hammers away at the trusts. The latter, poor things, are remindful of the robins in

the nursery rhyme, beginning, "The cold winds do blow and we shall have snow." It has been snowing continuously for the trusts ever since the Sherman anti-trust act went on the federal statute books, but as Mr. Taft remarked in his final message to the last congress, it has taken a decade and a half to get the highest federal court decision focused. Now, Mr. La Follette is found tearing the recent decision of the United States supreme court to tatters. "They have brought about," he avers, "a revolution in the position of the trusts, and a more profound revolution in the position of the courts. Without an act of congress, the court, by its 'rule of reason' and its weapons, the injunction, has all at once created itself into a legislature, an interstate commerce commission and a supreme court, combined in one." He continues:

The rule of reason gives it legislative power—the power to determine, according to its own opinion, that some restraints of trade are lawful and other restraints unlawful. The power to carry out the dissolution and reorganization of the trusts and to work out the details, to impose conditions and to supervise their execution, is just exactly the kind of administrative power that a legislature turns over to a commission in order to carry out the legislative intent. And, finally, punishment for contempt is the court's substitute for the criminal penalty that the legislature attaches to the violation of its statutes. To this extent the Sherman anti-trust act is amended. Instead of a criminal prosecution for violating the provisions of the act, with a penalty of \$5,000 and imprisonment for a year, the court proceeds to reorganize the trust, to lay down a code of conduct and to enforce its code by the penalty of contempt.

Mr. La Follette says the people are suffering at the hands of the trusts through the excessive prices paid by consumers. That is true in part, but only in part. Take the cost of paraffin oil, for example: Twenty-five years ago it sold at retail for five times its market price today. Without a question concentration of interests, by which many middlemen have been dropped, has given to the consumers this much less expensive household article. As we see it the criminal wrong is not in the combinations in restraint of trade nearly so much as in the opportunities made by the high protective policy, fostered by the Republican party, to gouge the poor consumer. Let the protective tariffs apply only to those infant industries that require coddling—if there are any left—and the trust question, insofar as it is a menace to the consumer, will be settled and settled right. Give the big corporations the federal licenses they seek, that fixed standards of value may ensue, but first let us have honest revision of the schedules and foreign competition will bring those trust prices, now unjustly inflated, within reason. This is the way of true progression.

#### Clifford Lott's Marked Success

Since the Eastern music critics insist on dropping the "Harry" and calling him Clifford Lott, I am ready to acquiesce. One given name is better for an artist, and Clifford is a trifle more mellifluous, less plebeian than Harry. Mrs. Lott writes that they are still in New York where, as The Graphic has previously pointed out, they have had big success in a recital and a cordial invitation to Clifford to remain in the metropolis of the country has been extended by several of the newspapers. However, the Lotts expect to leave for England in a few weeks, staying in London for the season. Remarks Mrs. Lott, who has deservedly shared honors with her husband for her admirable technique and sympathetic accompaniments: "There is no doubt that New York is the great musical center of the world today. Five great orchestras give concerts several times a month, the best opera in the world is given every night, and several choral bodies are presenting great works often, while artists in every line are giving so many recitals that it is impossible to hear all of them. All want to succeed in New York." I fear "Clifford" never will be contented out here on the Coast again. The critics have encouraged him to try his wings elsewhere and he is bound to succeed.

#### Old Story Relashed

I am surprised to find displayed on the front page of the Times this week a dispatch from Washington to the effect that certain labor leaders while addressing audiences in San Francisco a few months ago, stood upon the American flag. This story, with photographic illustrations of the act, was printed in every paper save the Record on several occasions during the recent municipal campaign. It is an old story in this city and hardly worth the space accorded it in General Otis' morning newspaper.



## GOOD WORK BY ETHEL BARRYMORE

ETHEL Barrymore is at her best this season in a new play by A. E. W. Mason, "The Witness for the Defense." It strongly suggests "Mrs. Dane's Defense," though not so well-knit a drama. While there are tense moments and interesting scenes in "The Witness for the Defense," its chief recommendation for consideration lies in the opportunity it provides for Miss Barrymore to do splendid acting. The first act takes place in a remote spot in India, far from neighbors, "who may hear and see too much." Stephen Ballantyne, a drunken brute, on the verge of delirium tremens, afraid of dim lights, dark tent corners and things that may fall upon him from the shadows, and his wife, Stella, cowed by his cruelty, the marks of his fingers about her throat, weary of a struggle against hopeless odds, are entertaining at dinner, Thresk, who unknown to her husband is Stella's old-time sweetheart. The dinner provides an opportunity for Ballantyne to bait his wife and humiliate her before a supposed stranger. Deprived finally of her self-control she excuses herself. Thresk aware of the brutality of the husband now learns his abject fear for his personal safety and his imaginings concerning the efforts of the natives to obtain an incriminating photograph which he has in his possession. Even as Ballantyne talks he sees in imagination a long lean arm and a brown hand stretch out for it from beneath the tent flap.

\* \* \*

Thresk leaves without having expressed his feelings for Stella, and humiliated beyond endurance she is about to kill herself, when Thresk comes back ostensibly for his pipe. He sees the rifle in her hand, but he does not realize what she is about. There is no opportunity for a word with her, for the husband is on guard, and he passes from the tent beyond recall. The husband re-enters, and heedless of the loaded gun in his wife's hands comes toward her with uplifted fist and the impulse for self protection is too strong for her. Without conscious effort the muzzle of the gun is turned toward him, the man covers before her and the curtain falls. For unknown reasons the report of the gun which marked the end of the act when the play was first given is now omitted and the actual killing is left to the imagination. Just why is not clear as, for the sake of the plot, the husband must die at this time and in this manner. The next act occurs two years later. Stella has been tried for her life, and acquitted. At the trial, as her lawyer was preparing to plead self-defense Thresk appeared and testified to Ballantyne's imaginings as if they were real, describing vividly the lean brown arm that snatched at the photograph and suggested that he had been murdered by an unknown native. On the basis of this testimony Stella was acquitted. As she would have been acquitted on the plea of justifiable homicide anyway, Thresk merely muddled things for her, but, of course, if he had not muddled things there would have been no play.

\* \* \*

Stella is in England at her old home. She has been taken up by Old Mr. Hazlewood, a sentimentalist, who believes "that prison walls should cast no shadow." He thrusts her upon the attention of his sister and brother-in-law, who, unsatisfied with the trial, resent the intimacy that has arisen between her and young Richard Hazlewood. At the suggestion of Mrs. Pettifer, on the pretense of asking his opinion about certain miniatures Thresk is invited to visit the Hazlewoods. Once here the plan is to confront him with Mrs. Ballantyne and further to question him regarding the trial. Stella manages to warn him that a trap has been set; there is therefore nothing suspicious about their meeting. At the inquisition he manages also to allay suspicions and Stella's troubles seem over. But late at night, after the family has retired, leaving Thresk busy with his briefs Mrs. Ballantyne comes to him. At this meeting Thresk tells her plainly that he will not permit her to marry young Hazlewood without making a clean breast of what has happened.

\* \* \*

She learns for the first time that Thresk has always loved her and that he had come to her in India for the purpose of taking her away from Ballantyne and bringing her home to England and that he is ready now to marry her. He hears for the first time her version of what happened after he left the tent in Rajputana, and he learns that they cannot save the broken pieces of their lives together for she loves Richard Hazlewood and has already married him secretly. While they are still unstrung, unnoticeably, the old gentleman comes in upon them. He insists that Richard be told, and the next morning the tortured woman makes her confession in the presence of Thresk and the father. It is received tenderly and with sympathy. Richard takes her in his arms with the explanation to his father that she is his wife, that he has given

her his love and protection, that he has known her secret from the first and that all he wants is to see her haunted eyes grow peaceful again.

\* \* \*

The buoyant, youthful Richard is done beautifully by Leslie Faber and contributes much to the play. Thresk is intrusted to A. E. Anson, recently of the New Theater, whose work shows easy naturalness. The role of the brutal husband is excellently played by W. L. Abingdon. But, of course, the interest centers about Miss Barrymore. Her grasp of her power seems to grow stronger each year as she seems to grow in personal beauty and charm. She has a particularly effective way of telling a story that stirs her with great feeling. In "Mid-Channel" as Zoe Blundell her confession to her husband was remarkable and in the present play her story from the day of her first love for Thresk to the killing of her husband, with all the little incidents that had led up to the instinctive training of the weapon upon him is told with the deepest feeling. The confused hunt for the cart-ridges, the single moment of illumination when for a fraction of a second she knew what she was going to do, the dazed mind and then the beautiful sense of freedom that let her go at once to bed and to sleep, all these are told with a gravity of expression that reveal not only a sensitive woman but a true artist.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, Jan. 1, 1912.

## FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

OUR new mayor, James Rolph, Jr., takes office next Monday, supported by an almost entirely sympathetic administration, and we all, including the labor unions, have great hopes of him. Mr. Rolph at least will make a good beginning, for he promises that his inaugural message will establish a new record for brevity in such documents. His ambition, in brief, is to be short on words and long on deeds; and when we recall the prodigious promises and the voluminous pronouncements which have marked the mayoralty of our retiring P. H., and compare them with the status quo ante of the Spring Valley water deal, the snail-like progress of our much vaunted municipal road, and look in vain for the corner-stone of that new city hall, we have reason to be thankful for Mayor Rolph's pledge.

\* \* \*

Those intimate with James Rolph, Jr., are confident of the excellence of his intentions. Their confidence of his successful performance is only allayed by their fear that his characteristic is to be "all things to all men." His slogan is altogether admirable—"For United San Francisco." Heaven knows we need it, but, certain, also, we will never get it without submitting slavishly to the domination of any single class in our industries. Rolph frequently boasted in his campaign that he was as good a union man as any that carried a card. Rolph also knows what the monopoly of labor in San Francisco by the unions has done to our industries in the last ten years. He also must fore-know that if the Panama-Pacific Exposition is to be a success, it must be built with or without the assistance of labor unions and without their dictation. Rolph will not be long in the mayor's chair before the fat is in the fire on this grave question, and it will require courage and backbone to help to solve it justly, honorably, and peacefully. Can his amiable disposition, his hope of pleasing everybody, of maintaining the remarkable popularity he has enjoyed in private life and as a candidate for municipal office, guide him through the crises that await him, demanding independence and decisiveness?

\* \* \*

Our retiring mayor has this to his credit. He has disappointed the quidnuncs who predicted that his final days in office were to be marked by his activities in making everything as difficult and uncomfortable for his successor as possible. We were told that McCarthy was to take every technical advantage of the involved city charter by juggling appointments on the various commissions, insuring the perpetuation of as many McCarthyites in the city government as possible, to the embarrassment of Rolph and his "United San Francisco" program. But McCarthy has been wiser and more magnanimous than his critics. His position is that James Rolph, Jr., has been chosen mayor by an overwhelming majority of the people, and it is P. H.'s duty as well as pleasure to leave him a fair field and a free hand. Good for P. H.! There is vastly more of "a new and square deal" in such practice than in all the preachings of a Lincoln Steffens.

\* \* \*

We saw the old year out and the new year in with our accustomed care-free and prodigal spirit. The Chronicle, which is esteemed to be the most conservative daily journal in San Francisco, proudly makes the computation that 30,000 quarts of champagne, costing the consumers \$150,000, were made

away with at the cafes and hotels within six hours. This may be regarded as a signal instance of our prosperity, but, again, it accounted for probably 20,000 headaches Monday morning and a difficulty on the part of many in paying their December debts.

\* \* \*

Mr. Hearst is to be banqueted here tonight by the directors of the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company as a fitting acknowledgement of the great service he, individually, and his papers rendered in San Francisco's winning of the exposition. Your own Guy Barham, debonair and witty as ever, is in close attendance as William Randolph's chief aide-de-camp. But Guy tells me he is a publisher on his own account now, very grateful to his friend, Mr. Hearst, for his aid and suggestion, but quite independent of Hearst finance or control. So, there now! Is the ownership of the Herald forever to remain a mystery? What does it matter, so long as it makes good, which I hear from all sides it is doing?

\* \* \*

Judge Monroe, the terror of the unjustifiable divorcee, and, I understand, a rising young bridge player, made himself at home at the Pacific Union for a few days last week. . . . W. G. Kerckhoff—I used to be able to spell his name without hesitation—and Allan C. Balch were up here last week, seeking new fields of laudable enterprise to conquer. . . . Mrs. Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith has delighted her many friends and admirers by announcing another series of interpretations to be given here next month. . . . The Grazi French Opera Company is to make its debut before a Los Angeles audience next week. You have a treat in store.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, Jan. 3, 1912.

## THE WINDMILL BY THE SEA

BY EDITH DALEY

Windmill beside the sea!

Landward the wind blows free,

Lifting your gaunt, gray arms—

Though you resist,

And mightily but vainly strain and twist,

In fury impotent or sullen hate!

Still are you firmly held unto the will

That ever bids the gray windmill

Serve faithfully,

Or only stand and wait.

Were you but free!

Fain would you be

A ship to sail a summer sea!

A cloud, or flower sweet with dew;

A bird within the vaulted blue—

A thing of joy and light in daisied fields!

Cease constant beating of the wind, and go

A journey in far lands; where no

Duty should bind you to a dreary task;

Nor any having power o'er you ask,

"Why beateth not the mill

Against the wind, that we may fill

Our coffers with the gold its labor yields?"

Man is like the mill!

The Sovereign Will

Holds firmly to its task the human soul.

Tossing our arms we cry aloud, and would control

Each one his destiny.

Would roam the sea, or go care-free

And singing down a primrose way!

But ever rules the Will—bids us to stay

At the appointed task;

Nor struggle against adverse Fate;

Nor pause beside the way to ask

Impatiently of life, "Why must we trace

A weary round of duty in one place?"

For ever wisely rules the Will,

With man as with the gray windmill—

"They also serve who only stand and wait!"

## Long Fight Is Ended

Los Angeles is to be made a port of call by the Pacific Mail, after an agitation that has progressed for more than twenty years. The company, an adjunct of the Southern Pacific, has assiduously declined to recognize this city or its commercial interests, but with the development of San Pedro as a harbor, it has bowed to the inevitable. The first of the vessels to put in here will be the Aztec, due Jan. 30. She is a large passenger packet, with accommodations for several hundred and she will make regular visits, together with all other of the company's big fleet.



## Shaft to Author of "Salome" in Pere La Chaise---By Frank Patterson

ELEVEN years have passed away since Oscar Wilde, under the name of Sebastien Melmoth, passed away in a fifth class hotel in France where he had taken refuge after his disgrace and following his liberation from Reading Gaol. Eleven years that would have been eventful for the living poet, for in that time his genius, very real, has gradually become more and more recognized. Eleven years that have meant much to the memory of the master, for his life, with whatever evil it contained, has been, little by little, forgotten, and only the memory of his work remains. This "King of Life" as he called himself, this deposed King, wandering about Europe, poor and neglected, neglected, but not forgotten, unable to produce while the memory of his public disgrace hung over him, and passing away at last after three years of hopeless wandering, after three miserable years of still more hopeless waiting, waiting for the British public to forget and forgive, passing away of a broken heart, of hopelessness and despair.

November 30, 1900, he died, and was buried in the little cemetery of Bageux, a quiet little graveyard, in a quiet little town not far from the stir and bustle of busy Paris, but as quiet and as primitive almost as if it were separated by half the earth. There over his grave the creepers wound themselves unattended and unrestricted, and at last the poet and sufferer, the "King of Life" no happier than other kings, found rest and peace. But after disgrace came honor. Too late, the world began to realize that a man's life means little to his work, that the poet may well deserve all honor while the man makes himself worthy of all condemnation. Richard Strauss, in calling attention to himself, called attention to the poet, the great poet as he is now called, Oscar Wilde. The old stories were revived for awhile and then forgotten, and then the comparison began to be made between the musician and the poet of Salome, and the poet was found the greater.

Friends came to the fore, true friends who had never been minded to merge the poet in the man, who had never allowed their admiration for the poet to be dimmed by the man's disgrace; and by a careful management of literary rights and royalties it became possible to move the body of the poet from its quiet resting place in Bageux and lay it in more honorable repose at the great Paris Cemetery of Pere-Lachaise. A monument is ordered and is being made by the sculptor, Jacob Epstein. It will be placed over the grave next year; and, meantime, the real monument of the poet, the poet's work, is becoming ever more and more widely known. Honor and respect are taking the place of dishonor and disgrace.

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Meantime, Oscar Wilde with his Salome, is not the only foreign writer whose work is being played on the French stage. We do not mention Wagner for he is universal, nor Dickens for his work is given only in the French adaptation, but the great Spaniard, great, notwithstanding the fact that we scarcely know his name, Jose Felii y Codina. His play, not adapted, but literally translated, called in Spanish *Maria del Carmen*, but in French "*Aux Jardins de Murcie*," is being given at the Odeon, and whatever the French public may think of it, it is the strongest play, the play most deeply stamped by the mark of genius, that has been given in Paris this season; for it shows not only a striking originality of plot, but a truly wonderful undercurrent of Spanish sentiment, of discontent and of socialistic feeling, but so intimate, so closely woven with the plot, so convincing that one never feels for a moment that the author is striving for local color or is "preaching." One feels nothing but the true poet, the poet of deep feeling and capable of expressing that feeling.

Jose Felii y Codina was born at Barcelona in 1845, and died at Madrid in 1897. His first play of importance was "*La Dolores*," first performed in 1892. An idea of the success of this play can be gained from the fact that it has to date, been played in Spain more than 6,000 times! After "*La Dolores*" the author gave "*Miel de la Alcarria*" in 1895, and then "*Maria del Carmen aux Jardins de Murcie*" in 1896, all with equal success. The plot of this play is as follows: In a dispute among peasants at Murcie about irrigation water Pencho stabs Javier, son of Domingo, with a knife. He escapes, taking refuge at Oran and leaving behind him at Murcie his fiancée, Maria del Carmen. In order to appease the anger of Domingo, the father of the wounded man, and thus prepare for the return of her lover, Pencho, Maria undertakes to nurse Javier.

Apparently the wounded man is cured, but in his convalescence he has fallen violently in love with

Maria. Domingo, his father, by threatening Maria with the arrest and punishment of her lover, forces her to engage herself to Javier. Maria, to save her lover, sacrifices herself, but Pencho, hearing of her apparent faithlessness, returns to Murcie. He soon finds out from Maria the true reasons for her seeming infidelity and destroys Domingo's power over her by publicly confessing his guilt. He consents, however, to hide for one night more so as to have an opportunity of meeting his rival in a duel with knives. But this night the rivals, ready for battle, overhear a conversation between the doctor and old Domingo in which the doctor declares that Javier's cure is only apparent and that he has but a few days to live. If he dies then Pencho's crime is changed to murder. Both of them are thus condemned, and in this situation their hatred turns to mutual pity. A sort of fraternity springs up between the rivals. Javier uses his last hours of life in aiding Maria and Pencho to make good their escape. And we see the two rivals saying farewell in each other's arms like brothers.

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This is the outline of the plot and from it may be gained a fair conception of the beauty of this play and of the intense interest of its dramatic action. Never for a moment does this interest flag. To the end, as you have seen, we are kept in doubt as to the outcome; we constantly ask ourselves: which of the two men will kill the other? or will they both be killed? or how or in what way can this drama be brought to a conclusion? And yet the end does come, we are more moved by this scene of pity and human kindness than we could possibly be by any time-worn tragedy of blood and death. But with all this we are not giving that which really makes the play what it is, nor can that be given in a short article of this kind. I refer to the handling of the crowds, the management of the minor characters, the wonderful painting of local color without the use of any of the old, rather stupid, rather ridiculous means. To tell you what I mean is not easy except by a sort of analogy. You know, for instance, that to a real, live Westerner the local color that is given to a Wild West play by a New York company is not only ridiculous but insulting; you know what sort of a picture of the "Girl of the Golden West," Puccinni and his librettists made; you can imagine how silly *Carmen* looks to a Spaniard; and we all know that a Hungarian rhapsody is Hungarian to everybody but a Hungarian. That is simply because no one knows anything about his own nation except the native. The English or Irish accent that goes down as the real thing in America would not deceive an Englishman or an Irishman for an instant; and there is nothing more amusing or surprising than to see how the Frenchman makes the Englishman or the American speak French; we all know that we have an accent when we speak French, but that we have the sort of accent they attribute to us!—But, after all, they must know best, only remember, that if they wrote an American play, as they often do, and if they used that sort of thing to give the impression of local color, as they always do, we should not recognize it at all, as we never do.

Now you see what I mean. The author of "*The Gardens of Murcie*" gives us real Spanish peasants such as no foreigner could possibly do; and he gives us more than that, he gives us peasants who think not as the government would have them think, nor as the gentleman playwright, making his copy before a good fire, in a comfortable easy-chair, and fortified against the exigencies of life with a delicate cigar, thinks. Not at all. He makes them act and talk like real peasants. They say not too much; in other words, very little, for the peasant does not dare to express his opinions; they are naturally suspicious, and just drop a chance word here and there. It is all very well done, and even the French critics seem to be of the opinion that this is the best piece of stage technic that has been seen here for years.

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But if "*The Gardens of Murcie*" is a great play because it has an original and touching plot and because it has a wealth of unaffected local color, there is another play that has been having a good success here which is of unusual interest just now because it paints us a faithful picture of the difference between Japanese thought, especially as regards what we call love, and Western thought. Of this play, "*The Typhoon*," by the Hungarian author Lengyel. I will speak succinctly because I believe it has already been given in America, perhaps in Los Angeles. The scene is laid in Berlin,—it might be laid in any other city of the Western world just as well. Here we find a little colony

of Japs headed by Tokerao, who has been sent over by his government to study Western civilization. He falls in the hands of a beautiful woman and learns the meaning of two words which (we are led to believe) do not exist in Japan: "love" and "jealousy." He learns to feel like a Westerner, like a native of Europe or America or any other country of what we are pleased to call the civilized world. And in a fit of anger he murders the woman who has taught him these things. But he has his duty to his government. His task is not yet completed. He wishes to give himself up, but his companions do not permit it. Instead of that, one of the younger members of the group is selected to take upon himself the crime, to acknowledge himself author of this murder of which he is innocent, so that the other, Tokerao, the government official, may complete his work. In the end, after having accomplished this work, he dies, a victim of Western customs.

Such passages of the sacrifice of a younger man to save the life of a superior officer occur with us in the hysterical superexcitation of war times; but in times of peace? I doubt it. And to me this whole picture was horrible. These little brown men reminded me, somehow, with their utter callousness and lack of human feeling, of the men Wells describes in his "*War of the Worlds*," those men from Mars or from another world where the human had become a mere machine. After all, is not the contemplation of warm blooded fellow feeling as we have just seen it in the "*Gardens of Murcie*," more noble than this cold-blooded sacrifice of youth to that most impersonal of all things: the government? Call me unpatriotic if you will, but to me the home is the foundation of the state, and how can any sentiment of home exist at all in combination with this Eastern fatalism?

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These two plays are of special interest to us because they show us with perfect fidelity the mental type of our two nearest neighbors: the Spanish who inhabit Mexico to the south of us, and the Japanese across the little pond to our west. And it may be said in a general way that these types seem stronger than the types that are generally seen on the French stage. The French type is either that of brutal, unreasoning Socialism, with innate weakness,—ay! and laziness and envy,—at its base; whose lives are rendered interesting, and worth staging, merely as they adhere to or depart from certain social customs as ephemeral as the cut of their gowns or their dress coats. And the interest of these plays depends largely upon clever dialogue, which is, after all, mere smartness without an ounce of real worth.

Nor is French public satisfied with this sort of thing. It welcomes translation and adaptations of foreign works, especially if these works deal with real types of the universal human. One play of this kind which is new and worthy of especial notice is "*The Vagabond*," by Sellinger. The scene is laid in Austria at a military post. The Vagabond, Kiesel, has enlisted in a regiment where Sinner is sergeant-major. Sinner, who has been, all the years of his army life, a model of integrity and probity, recognizes this vagabond, Kiesel, as his accomplice in a youthful digression that has led to a murder. Being himself reformed he tries to reform his former accomplice, but Kiesel is by nature a vagabond and, in a state of intoxication, he tells Sinner's wife that her husband is a murderer. The wife leaves her husband in horror, and the latter gives himself up to justice.

This is a strong play because the type of the soldier who has sown his wild oats, but has been thoroughly reformed and has won a high position for himself in the military community, is strong. And the feeling that, somehow, it is wrong that this man should be held for an early crime is powerfully brought home to us. We feel an infinite sympathy for the man, and are infinitely sorry for him, as well as a sort of revolt against the harshness and crudity of human laws; against even the injustice of inequality and unmerited suffering. It reminds us of the little cripple whose brother has been brought home with a broken leg and is told that it served him right, that he has to suffer for his disobedience; and the pathetic face, the knitted brows, the futile attempt of the cripple to comprehend the law of the world as he says, sadly: "But, mother, I didn't climb a tree without permission, and I have to suffer too!"

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After such plays as I have just been describing, how shall we turn our attention to plays like "*Primrose*," a great and undisputed success of the Comedie-Francaise, which is nothing, actually nothing but a thoroughly old fashioned picture of silly,



sentimental, wishy-washy kitten love? A society drama of innocents, and yet a most positive success, I must repeat that, because I find the thing so utterly bad myself that I can only come to the conclusion that I am wrong. But here is the story, judge for yourself Primrose is a young girl. She loves a young man and the young man loves her. Both are equally wealthy and both alike belong to the most exalted aristocracy. There is no reason why they should not be married. But the bank in which the lover has his money fails and he finds himself poor; and so when Primrose asks him if he loves her he says no, and forthwith departs for America to attend to his business affairs, leaving Primrose to do the only proper and orthodox thing, that is, to enter a convent, to take the veil. The lover soon returns from America with his fortune which has not been lost after all, but when he now asks Primrose if she loves him it is her turn to say no. Why? Because she has taken the first steps toward becoming a nun, steps which, as we all know, do not bind in the least. Finally, her uncle, the Cardinal de Merance, convinces her that she is perfectly free to do as she pleases, and so all ends happily.

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What need have I to comment on this sort of—but I used up my expletives in the preceding paragraph, so I may let it go at that. But of what use to comment upon it, and of what use, further, to comment upon that other play, "The Favorites" by Alfred Capus, which is an endless complication arising from the attempt of certain women, with the assistance of an English millionaire, to run a newspaper? If this latter play were conceived in the spirit of a roaring farce it would be all very well, for a play that makes us laugh needs no apology. But it is intended to be satire, a take-off upon the hobbies and foibles of our times, and it succeeds in being only rather slow and altogether tiresome. Of course I know that both of these plays have their interest as historical documents in the sense that they show a direct association with that good old time of the fashionable "salon" where the "bon-mot" or witty saying was the only qualification to insure a welcome, and where one such "mot" was sufficient to make a man almost famous. But those days are past and dead and buried and well out of sight and forgotten except by the historian; and when we come to analyze them in cold blood we find that there was little enough to recommend their customs and still less to warrant genuine honor to their reputed wits and satirists.

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Meanwhile, Richard Strauss, who accords better with our times than does the sort of play of which we have just been speaking, has been here and departed. His Salome is being played at the Opera by the famous Signora Belincioni of Italy, with her small voice and her coy manner, and Richard the Second is certainly the crowned king of the musical generation. But after all Oscar Wilde and Richard Strauss are children of their times, and we can but admire the skill with which they have seized that spirit and incorporated it into their art. But let us not forget the true words of the critic regarding Strauss: He carried his ideas of realism to such extremes that only the devoted few who proved their superior intelligence by being always able to understand him were able to understand him at all.

FRANK PATTERSON,  
Paris, December 5, 1911.

#### Chance to Land a Plum

Los Angeles is to make a serious effort to land the new army post which it is proposed to establish at a point in Southern California. With Senator Flint at the capital, this city undoubtedly could secure the plum, which should prove one of the juiciest given out by the war department in a good while. At one time it was intended to locate an artillery post at San Pedro, which even now may be done, in addition to housing a regiment of cavalry. It is the latter that Major General Wood, chief of staff, wants to see done. Considering that San Diego is a contender for the site it might be a good idea for the city to enlist General Adna R. Chaffee's support in her behalf. A post such as is proposed will station here close to a thousand regulars, who besides spending here upward of half a million dollars a year, also will be handy for parades and similar spectacles, while a band would be an added attraction with visitors.

#### Real King Coming

Los Angeles is to entertain his majesty the king of Siam this year. According to advance railway information his majesty is to visit Europe and enroute home, he will come across the American continent, by way of the Santa Fe, embarking for the Orient from San Francisco. I believe the last time the city entertained royalty was when King Kalaukua of the Hawaiian islands did us the honor.

## By the Way



#### Santa Claus' Memorable Evening

Of all the Christmas celebrations of the Sunset Club in the last ten years at least, that of 1911 at Levy's was the most unique in settings, costumeing and general character of entertainment provided. To the perennial secretary, Louis F. Vetter, is due the lion's share of credit for the planning and execution of the Back-to-the-Farm festivities, and that he worked like a Trojan to accomplish results was evidenced by the ingenuity displayed in the transformed dining room. This was arranged to represent the big living room of a commodious farm house. A facsimile hearth was set up with andirons, poker, tongs and wood-box. The walls were decorated with rare old engravings—obtained heaven knows where, portraits of George Washington, "George Crossing the Delaware," Declaration of Independence and other patriotic literature dear to our forefathers, if not so highly honored today, also a what-not was filled with typical curios—Louis must have ransacked the town for them. A narrow staircase in one corner, draped with blue denim curtains, was supposed to lead to the mysterious above-stairs. In every particular and at great cost of time and patience in the procuring the atmosphere of an old-fashioned American farm house interior was injected. The program was in keeping with the old-fashioned dinner of turkey, cranberry sauce, mince and pun'kin pie, nuts, apples, raisins and cider. Neighbor Hans Jevne made his annual present to the club of a basket of Moet and Chandon, but that was an incidental modern touch. The orchestra played old-fashioned airs, the members recited or read old favorite poems, and told stories dug up from the recesses of their memories, a personal flavor pertaining to early life on the farm. Good fellowship prevailed as never before and the celebration closed with all hands united in the song of "Auld Lang Sayne." It was a memorable occasion that I for one shall not soon forget. A feature was the reading of messages of good cheer from absent members—from Dick Chapman and John J. Byrne in San Francisco, R. W. Poindexter in Germany, and Charley Willard at home. Too bad they could not have been present.

#### Two Interesting Experiments

Financial circles will watch with curious interest the two experiments undertaken by the Hibernian Savings Bank. The institution has planned to move its quarters to the Union Trust building, second floor, almost overhead of the German American Savings Bank, at the same time having decided to increase the dividend payment to depositors to five per cent. The regular rate here has been four for two decades. Banks usually are located on the street entrance, and a second story innovation is an untried economic measure.

#### Juicy Melon Forthcoming

I have seen nowhere report of the real basis of exchange between the Southern Trust Company and the Security Savings Bank, in the recent merger of these institutions. Stockholders of the former are to get one share of Security for two of Southern Trust, in addition to a comfortable cash dividend. Considering that Southern Trust was selling about four years ago at about 68, and with Security now quoted in the open market around 405, the melon that is to be cut is to be of exceptional juiciness. In financial circles it is hinted that there is a pretty scramble to get on the directorate of the newly amalgamated Security-Southern-Equitable Savings Bank & Trust Company, and it has required all of the diplomacy of President Joseph Sartori and his able colleagues to keep the several factions from getting at loggerheads. The new board will be announced, probably, this week. Willis H. Booth, I hear, is to be principal outside managing director and a vice president of the new institution.

#### Rumors of More Mergers

Upon excellent authority, it is reported, that with the Security merger completed, at least another of considerable importance in banking circles may be worked out before long. This is likely to take in at least two and possibly three national banks, in addition to one savings institution and possibly two of the lesser important trust concerns. Such progress

as may have been made to bring together two well known national banks, located in the heart of the financial district, which at one time were regarded as certain to unite, all but a few minor details having been agreed upon, has been wasted. The merger in question is off for the present, at least.

#### Injustice to Oscar Lawler

I hold no brief for Oscar Lawler, but when Collier's Weekly refers to him as a "lame duck," with an intimation that he sought the position of special prosecutor in the government dynamiting investigation, and that he had to be provided for as a matter of political patronage, a gross misstatement of facts is made and does Mr. Lawler great injustice. Oscar Lawler is among the best known of the younger members of the bar in Los Angeles, who, prior to his appointment as a deputy attorney general at Washington, was the United States district attorney for Southern California. He relinquished the latter position that he might have the experience in the national capital guaranteed by the deputyship under Attorney General Wickersham, although the salary was the same. The Ballinger embroglio soon sickened him of Washington life and he voluntarily resigned to return to active practice in Los Angeles. Of Mr. Lawler's professional income I know little, but his intimate friends assure me that it was far in excess of his official salary. He did not solicit the position of special dynamite investigator under the district attorney of Los Angeles, but was selected for that duty because of his peculiar fitness for the work. It was largely because of his industry and thorough knowledge of the law and of the facts that the McNamaras had it impressed upon their minds that a plea of guilty would be greatly to their advantage. Naturally when the government was ready to prosecute the other dynamiting conspirators for the violation of federal statutes Mr. Lawler was the first person considered for the duty. He was loth to undertake the work and so advised the attorney general in Washington. The latter persisted and Lawler, being persuaded that it was his duty to accept, agreed. The pending inquiry, with its numerous court trials, is certain to consume many months, and until the docket is cleared Oscar Lawler will have little opportunity for other professional employment. His service to the government as a matter of fact will cost him a large sum. So much for the gratuitous slur in Collier's Weekly and in the interest of truth and decency.

#### Maginnis' Active Career

None of the obituaries of the late Almon Porter Maginnis, did full justice to that kindly soul. Mr. Maginnis knew more of the active politics of Southern California than any other two individuals of the present generation. The exceptions are the late John A. Muir, dead these ten years, and Walter F. Parker, still a live though silent wire. At one time the Santa Fe, of which system, Mr. Maginnis was tax agent, thought it could get along without the latter and abolished his department. The same year a squad of the Black Horse calvary took hold of President Ripley's tax burdens, and what the brigands did to the Santa Fe's treasury that year must have made Wall street sit up and rub its eyes, when it came to figuring Santa Fe annual earnings. As a result Maginnis was soon reinstated and the blackmailing tactics quickly ceased. While it is true that E. L. Doheny first uncovered the petroleum deposits of this as well as the Fullerton sections, it was Maginnis who discovered Doheny's value in this same particular. And it was Maginnis who brought to Mr. Doheny the lands in the rough, embraced in the Mexican Petroleum Company, now worth about a hundred million dollars. Also, it was Maginnis who was the first manager of that property, for the Doheny and Ripley interests. The Maginnis fortune is anything but impressive, although the railroad man in his time was a big money-getter. He was generous to a fault, however, and few cases of financial distress among his friends failed to receive his attention.

#### Madero After Concessionaires

Mexican concessions as they affect this city are at this time causing no little anxiety in the quarters interested. President Madero and his advisers have been taking stock and as a result certain Southern California capitalists have been advised that their presence is wanted very pronto in the City of Mexico, if they would retain what they required in the late Diaz regime. It is said that among the concessions on the carpet is the one in which Harry Chandler and General Otis covering a big territory below Tia Juana are chiefly concerned; Mr. Chandler, T. E. Gibbon and others interested visited the City of Mexico recently for the purpose of learning their standing with the new powers. Upon the result of the trip, it is rumored, depends the sale of their large holdings to a syndicate for a large sum. It is also stated that the Southern Pacific has been cited to show cause why its privileges along the



west coast shall not be curtailed. Other local interests affected, to the tune of millions of dollars, will be brought to taw, so it is reported.

#### Mrs. Eiler Will Be Comfortable

Considerable sympathy has been expended by several of the daily newspapers of the city in treating of the future of the mother of the late Patrolman Floyd C. Eiler, who was shot and killed recently, while pursuing a highwayman. Under the rules of the police department, Mrs. Eiler will receive for life, from the city, a comfortable pension; had the dead officer been married the payment would have been made to his wife. The decedent was highly regarded by his superiors, and his untimely end is deeply deplored. The list of officers who have met death in the discharge of honorable duty in Los Angeles, in the last dozen years is surprisingly large. About thirty men, I understand, have been killed in this time while seeking to capture criminals.

#### Council Is Divided

John Topham put one over on the new council organization by side tracking the state previously arranged by Martin Betkowski, who had programmed the re-election of Judge Lusk as president and head of that branch of the city's government. The outcome indicates that the powers in control of affairs in the last three years are to be combated and that the mayor may have trouble in keeping his former Good Government flock on the reservation. Evidently, in the next two years, it is to be a finish fight for supremacy between the Times and the Express-Tribune, with the indications at this time favoring the latter. Topham has no liking for the Otis influence, for it was from that direction his indictment by the last grand jury was sought.

#### Large Task Ahead

Los Angeles is to entertain the California Development Association next week, the object of the meeting being to devise ways and means for anticipating the growth of Southern California in the completion of the Panama canal. It is proposed to invite the delegates to the meeting to San Diego, at the close of their session here, at which point they will view the progress already made upon the expected exposition to be held in that city in 1915.

#### To Help Alaska

Alaska's future, in which Southern California has abiding interest, is to secure attention at the hands of the Chamber of Commerce at an early day. Los Angeles plans to send to Washington a delegation whose members will remain on the ground and render all the assistance possible in the behalf of legislation for the northern territory. All of the other Pacific Coast cities are to render help along similar lines, San Francisco having already named a delegation of forty whose members will leave at once for the national capital, where they will remain until the object of their mission has been accomplished.

#### Friction in Exchange Politics

Stock exchange politics are at white heat, due to the annual election of the organization, which will be held next week. Two tickets probably will be in the field, the present board of directors being desirous of remaining in office, and a faction in the organization bent upon making a change. The last year has been one of prosperity for the exchange, which at this time has a cash surplus in excess of \$20,000. It is understood that no matter which side wins, Manager L. F. Parsons will not be disturbed. He has been ever faithful for more than six years and is a general favorite. Several members of the exchange are inclined to vent their spleen against the present board of directors for the reason that certain promotions, which became popular traders, were not properly investigated this year, at various times, resulting in a practical wiping of several of these stocks from the board, so far as market value is concerned. Of course, the public has lost a lot of money in consequence. It is insisted that the exercise of ordinary vigilance would have prevented what was permitted to take place.

#### Lusk Resolution Should Carry

There is to be a reopening of the controversy in regard to the future location of the city hall. The issue has been quickened by the Lusk resolution for the sale of the present municipal building site by the city, the proceeds to be devoted to a new structure to be built at Temple and Spring streets, the present Temple Block location. The proposed move is an excellent one, but the same interests that have persistently opposed the sale heretofore will be found renewing activities. Under present conditions the city pays in excess of \$30,000 a year for office quarters outside the city hall, which sum will be saved with all of the municipal departments

under the same roof. The Temple Block site is now the property of the municipality and it should be utilized in the manner intended. That will put the court house building and the city hall in juxtaposition, an ideal arrangement.

#### City Hall Tussle Ahead

Evidently, there is to be a new alignment at the city hall, in the next two years, with the Chaffee appointment on the board of public works as the first tussle between the two factions contesting for supremacy. Martin Betkowski is to lead one side, with E. T. Earl in command of the opposition. I am making no predictions.

#### Prediction by an Expert

Census Supervisor Bert L. Farmer's prophecy that by the end of the year Los Angeles will have a permanent population in excess of 400,000 is regarded as entirely within reason by those who have studied the city closely. Farmer is a genuine expert in such matters, having for years had charge of the school census of city and county. He was selected for the enumeration here under federal auspices in 1910, at which time his work stamped him in Washington as well as here at home as a dependable statistician. I am informed that the publishers of the Los Angeles directory are prepared to state officially that by July 1, when their book for the year will be out, the city will yield enough names to show that the population is in excess of 400,000.

#### Collier Is Indefatigable

D. C. Collier of San Diego is still in Washington trying hard to have Congress approve giving to the San Diego exposition enterprise international standing. Collier was among the guests at the last Gridiron frolic, to which not a great many strangers are bidden. President Taft and the members of his cabinet, as well as the several justices of the Supreme court, and the ambassadors of the principal foreign nations were among those present, according to the list which has been forwarded to me from the national capital. Collier is indefatigable.

#### Not a Likely Story

It may be possible, of course, that Congressman J. C. Needham is to remove to San Diego, for the purpose of becoming a candidate for the lower house from the new Eleventh California district, but I am inclined to doubt the published report. Needham should have little trouble to be returned from his present San Joaquin Valley environment, which he has represented for several terms, and where he has been exceedingly strong. While he is generally put down as a standpatter, he is not without influence with the so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt faction. Chester Rowell of Fresno is his warm friend, and other leaders of the same trend of belief are for him. In the San Diego district he would have to build up a brand new organization, and there are many patriots in that neck of the woods anxious to serve their constituents in congress. Congressman Smith might be a gainer by switching from Bakersfield to San Diego, but even he would have a dubious task. It wouldn't be surprising to see the irrepressible Collier drop into the new congressional chair from the Eleventh district.

#### Emolument for School Board

Beginning January 1, the board of education will receive compensation at the rate of about \$50 a month for each member. A new charter provision fixes the stipend at \$10 a day when the board is in session, with five meetings each month as the limit. Heretofore members of the school board have been limited to free street car transportation. This financial recognition may attract professional politicians to the board, it is feared.

#### What the Figures Show

Bank clearings the last week of 1911, reveal Los Angeles gradually climbing toward the San Francisco record. One of these years the northern metropolis is likely to be overhauled. Prior to two years ago we were invariably two hundred per cent behind the northern city in this regard. The figures have been steadily increasing until last week Los Angeles was within fifty per cent of San Francisco's total. It is certain that the latter city will take a rapid jump from now on, however, due to its expected building record for exposition purposes, but in spite of that factitious support Los Angeles may by the end of another year reach still nearer the lead.

#### All Heading This Way

Six or seven heads of transcontinental railway systems already are in Southern California for the winter, with indications that before February 1 there will be a round dozen registered. President Willard of the Baltimore & Ohio arrived last week, President Harris of the C. B. & Q. had preceded

him, and Presidents Ripley of the Santa Fe and Yoakum of the Rock Island are two other big railroad men with us. President Sproule of the Southern Pacific will be here next week. The Arcade and La Grande stations are filled with private cars, with more due. At the Hotel Raymond, as well as at the Green, Hotel del Coronado and the Potter millionaires and trust magnates are prominent guests. The important hotels are laden with reservations, many booked weeks in advance.

#### John Valley's Good Work

With the sale of the Cawston Ostrich Farm industry at South Pasadena to Willis H. Booth and his associates, my friend John S. Valley, who has had entire charge of the business and finances for more than five years, retires from the management of this prosperous concern. In his incumbency the profits of the company have increased from \$300,000 to more than \$900,000; a business of two and a quarter millions has been done and dividends equal to 100 per cent on the original stock of the company have been paid, certainly an extraordinarily successful result for a commercial enterprise, and one that I happen to know, on the word of Mr. Cawston himself, has been due almost entirely to Mr. Valley's excellent management. It was of course natural that President Willis H. Booth of the company that acquired Mr. Cawston's controlling shares of stock, should elect to place the management in the hands of his brother, also a stockholder, Mr. Valley's interests having been pooled with those of Mr. Cawston. With so fine a record, however, and so handsome an indorsement of his work from Mr. Cawston, I am sure Mr. Valley's services will be snapped up without delay by shrewd capitalists looking for a trusty executant.

#### Wilde Harried in Portland

Louis J. Wilde, the San Diego and Los Angeles banker, now on trial in Portland, accused of alleged embezzlement, is in hard lines in the Oregon metropolis. Wilde was arrested last summer and has steadily maintained that the charges against him have no foundation in fact. His enemies in the north are forcing him to put up a strong fight for freedom, and while it is believed here that he will circumvent his troubles, the effort is likely to cost him a large part of his fortune. Wilde has been well and favorably known in Los Angeles for several years.

#### Comfort in New Rumor

Los Angeles is not to have a union depot. President Lovett of the so-called Harriman lines has decreed that the city needs no such adjunct. And as President Ripley of the Santa Fe never really was in love with the project it looks as if it were scotched. I have heard it again reiterated this week, however, so far as the Southern Pacific is concerned, there is to rise upon the site of the present Arcade station a depot that for beauty, elegance and comfort will have everything this side of the Pennsylvania's new New York terminals beaten to a frazzle.

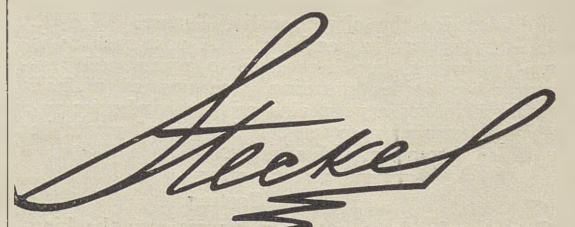
#### Parallel Cases, Different Results

My attention is called to the fact that when the present reform supervisors recently disposed of a large block of highway and school bonds at about par, there was an entire absence of the agitation so manifest when the same house acquired the highway bonds a few years ago, in nearly similar circumstances. In the earlier instance there were endless innuendoes as to crooked dealing and graft, while in the sale of a few weeks ago nothing of the sort was intimated. Curious, isn't it?

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# Books

Beyond the Chagres river  
Are paths that lead to death—  
To the fever's deadly breezes,  
To malaria's poisonous breath.  
Beyond the tropic foliage  
Where the alligator waits,  
Are the mansions of the devil—  
His original estates!

Thus James Stanley Gilbert, writer of most poignant doggerel and author, unless one is mistaken, of "He Is Gone," the poem so feelingly quoted by Mr. Edwards in one of his later chapters. And thus, doubtless, has thought every man that ever set foot upon the Isthmus, from Balboa, the empire builder, to the steam-shovel man who landed yesterday. Only in Balboa's time there was no "beyond" about it. No Gorgas had come with larvacide and wire mesh to dispossess the Evil One of the choicest of his holdings. For three hundred years the white man came to the Isthmus sword in hand and slew. In thousands he came and went and the jungle absorbed the holocaust of his victims. In tens of thousands he came and never returned and the jungle fattened upon his dead and blotted out the work of his hand. Only after three hundred years when he came at last in peace, to construct and not to destroy, to improve, not to despoil, to give and not to take away—only then did death and the devil fail of their victory. That is the moral of Panamanian history; perhaps of all history.

These adventurous souls that went to make that history, soldiers of fortune, priests, buccaneers, gold hunters, colonizers, railway builders and canal diggers, what a stirring business they make of it in these pages of Mr. Edwards! He does them justice. Himself a cosmopolitan and a traveler, he has the right sense of proportion, of the relative value of the facts. He has a sense of humor, too, and no private enthusiasms to air unless it be a laudable enthusiasm for man as a producer of results. This book is not merely a eulogy of the "big job," with a little gossip history thrown in to make weight. The greater number of its pages—and there are nearly six hundred of them—are devoted to the history of the Isthmus and of the Spanish American peoples, with whose destinies those of Panama have been allied. No new matter is broached, it is true, but the bulkier chronicles of Bancroft, Irving, Prescott and the others have been ransacked and robbed of their terrors. The result is a far more notable piece of work than Mr. Edwards will ever get credit for. History is chiefly a question of the angle of vision. But few only have, like Mr. Edwards, the proper idea of perspective.

It is only when he comes to the matter of the Canal itself that the author eulogizes a little, exhibits just a little national pride. Not more, however, than any of us would or would be entitled to do. There is now confronting our statesmen and legislators the all-important question—is the Canal to be free to the argosies of the world or will tolls be levied with preferential rates for American vessels? If the latter plan be adopted it will be upon economic grounds—and the Canal will be no more than a magnificent commercial enterprise. But if the former course is decided upon, then the United States will stand forth as the philanthropist among the nations and the Panama Canal will be truly a monument of American greatness.

It is not, however, the Canal that forms the most interesting part of Mr. Edwards' subject matter. So many have visited the Big Ditch, snapshotted the Big Boss and the Big Cut, stared in admiration at the Big Locks and the Big Dam, discussed the Big Commissary and the Big Locomotives and the Big Sanitary Appliances, and have come home again with their ideas of what constitutes bigness made over and a new estimate of the size of five

hundred million dollars. And they have all written about the Canal, as sight-seers, tourists, engineers, artillerymen, senators and what not. It has remained for Mr. Edwards to write as an historian. The history of Central America is still in the making; indeed, it has scarcely begun to be written. But the completion of the Panama Canal will mark the turning beyond which the history of the Isthmus will be no longer a history of failure but of success.

One cannot part company with Mr. Edwards without reference to his chapter on "Collective Activity." The government of the canal zone is, in fact, if not in theory a species of benevolent despotism. At the same time it approaches nearer in actual results to a Socialistic regime than anything else that the United States has known. This is not hard to understand when we remember that Socialism is logically a perfect despotism—of the community over the individual. So we find Mr. Edwards preaching precisely the same doctrine that Kipling, the arch-imperialist, preaches, and teaching the same lesson that the communistic supporters of class-consciousness are endeavoring to teach, the doctrine, namely, that the wage earner is a better workman than the profit earner, that he alone can work without fear or favor for love of the work he does and from pride in the results he produces. To nine-tenths of the business men of the United States at the present day this is rank heresy. But it is true, and the truth of it is becoming daily more manifest. And it is a theory that is building the Panama Canal when individual enterprise failed.

It is a pity that so valuable a book as this should have apparently eluded the proof reader's eye. The pages contain not a few errors in spelling and phraseology, for which the author is clearly not responsible. In a second edition—and there should be one—the necessary corrections will no doubt be made. ("Panama." By Albert Edwards. The Macmillan Co.)

## Fascinating Travel Talk

Although Tripoli on the Black Sea is not the scene of the bitter contest between the Turks and the Italians that has been holding the attention of the world in the last month or so, it is situated in territory that is of vast strategic and diplomatic importance to all the nations, second only to the provinces of Turkestan and of peculiar historic and romantic significance as well. Recent developments in Persia are attracting the public gaze to this portion of the country just now, and will give particular interest to two exceedingly entertaining volumes by the late William Eleroy Curtis. Mr. Curtis traveling a year or so ago as a representative of one of the large American dailies, "Around the Black Sea," in Asia Minor, Armenia, Caucasus, Circassia, Daghestan, Crimea and Roumania, and through the almost forbidden land of "Turkestan," noted many novel and curious facts, such as only a clever newspaper man, trained to see and hear and weigh everything, would notice and utilize to advantage. And many interesting pictures illustrate the scenes visited. Nor are all his commentaries merely impressionistic. There is sound speculation upon policies and diplomatic relations, and considerable knowledge of the historic and traditional aspects pleasantly and unostentatiously revealed.

As two members of the same family, resembling each other yet dissimilar indeed, are the provinces around the Black Sea and in Turkestan. There is the same riot of color and mingling of dark-skinned inhabitants, the same national characteristics, there are the low mud structures, closely resembling adobes in Arizona and certain dry por-

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tions of South America, narrow streets prevail, and the same general customs and air of dirt and slovenly antiquity. Behind both countries are glorious records of great deeds in war and former greatness; but about all the cities of Turkestan hovers an air of dilapidation and a lack of national pride, that rob them of much of the charm the past would lend them. "Samarkand, the ancient capital of Central Asia, reminded me of a crippled giant fallen helpless by the wayside, his limbs too feeble to allow him to rise and his fingers so palsied with age that he cannot wipe the dust from his sightless eyes," says Mr. Curtis. Yet Samarkand was at one time the "Queen of Asia," equal to London in power and influence; comparable to Paris in architectural splendor, and as famous as Athens for its scholarship. Here the great Tamarlane "Timour, the Tartar," had his capital. Concerning the records left in numerous fast crumbling ruins in Turkestan, the natives know nor care nothing. Even archaeologists have not yet awakened to the importance of their messages with any degree of enthusiasm. The more notable of the tombs and meddresses are described and pictured.

"Bokhara, the noble and the sublime," he characterized as filthy and decidedly repulsive. "Sentimental readers of its romances should stay away." But Bokhara forms an interesting theme for a chapter that has a thrill of adventurous character in it and recalls the "Arabian Nights." Merv is another ancient city of great memories but "now a small, commonplace, Russian town." For Turkestan is a conquered country, jealously guarded from profane outside gaze. Especially are visitors from England and even America regarded with suspicion. Mr. Curtis recounts several amusing experiences with the military guards enroute. In discussing the railway situation, the strategic advantage of Russia and the rapidity with which troops can be swung into Persia in case of trouble with England are set forth with keen, diplomatic understanding. In certain respects, despite the narrow policy pursued by Russia, many beneficial and surprisingly wise measures have been introduced among the conquered natives. Interesting as the facts are from the history, life, commercial relations and developments of Turkestan, which Mr. Curtis has gathered, the Turkish Empire about the Black Sea is infinitely more attractive.

Here are to be encountered the scenes of Greek mythological adventures.

At every port where we stopped there is always an exciting scramble when the gangway is lowered, and the bare-footed boatmen climb over each other to get on board to solicit the patronage of the passengers. Their costumes, their cries, their gesticulations and the confusion they create make it hard to believe that they are the descendants of gods and demigods, the heroes of the poems and the fables and legends we read in Greek mythology. The successors of Castor and Pollux, Theseus, Diana and other demigods have degenerated from the classic days.

Not alone for heathen gods is this land famed. "You can go to the foot of Mt. Ararat by railway nowadays, and although you cannot see the ark, you will be able to meet many venerable Armenians who will remind you of Noah, for they look exactly as that old mariner must have looked." You will meet the descendants of Noah and be shown a fragment of the ark. And, in the vicinity of Ararat the Garden of Eden is said to be located. Quite as striking and characteristic a bit of description as any in the book is:

Opposite the Hotel de Londres, at the principal gateway to a pretty little park in Tiflis you can see a mosaic icon, representing a full length figure of the Savior in the most gorgeous variety of the Georgian costume. He is dressed in a long bowarka, or overcoat, faced or lined with ermine; under the scarlet tunic are loose blue trousers tucked into high topped leather boots. He wears a green girdle into which a revolver and a dagger with beautiful enameled handles are thrust; upon His breast are silver kilebi, the cases where cartridges are usually carried, and on His head is a tall nabadi or stovepipe hat, a black Persian lambswool—Jesus of Nazareth in the raiment of a Georgian dandy! . . . The peasants seem to approve it, notwithstanding the incongruity, and we love to watch from our windows, thousands every day, for the park is much frequented by working men at the noon and evening hours of rest. Everyone who passes invariably kneels, crosses himself, and murmurs a prayer, and many kiss the glass that covers the feet of this Christ who is clad according to the peasants' dream of what the Redeemer should be.

Leaving Constantinople, cruising through the famed Bosphorus and along the southern coast of the Black sea to Batoum stopping enroute at the points of most interest and making long excursions inland to describe the manners and customs, the traditions, the development, commerce, education, government and the problems of establishing peace relations between such hereditary enemies as the Kurds and the Armenians, bring out a wealth of live interest.

There are intensely interesting and

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



# Music

By W. Francis Gates

Funnier than the humor in "The Girl of the Golden West," is what is said about it in the local press. Here is a work lauded as "a genuine American opera which caught the atmosphere of the frontier town," etc. As a matter of fact and current comment among those who are conversant with music, Puccini has written an ultra-modern work—nearly as far beyond its day as is Debussy's music, to themes with which he was not in accord, and had no first hand knowledge. The music might just as well have been set to the Turkish-Italian imbrogio or the Franco-Prussian war, insofar as musical theme or harmonic treatment is concerned.

Puccini's apotheosis of whiskey, poker and robbery was presented at the Majestic theater, this week, opening Wednesday night, by the Savage English opera company. Large audiences mark the engagement. There is much interest taken in the first western presentation and the discussion it has aroused.

Puccini is a man of immense talent. He can write beautiful melodies; but in this work it would seem that he deliberately gave that melodic inventiveness a vacation and concentrated his efforts on odd harmonic combinations and vivid blotches of tone color.

As to the Americanism of the work, it is so microscopic in quantity that it escaped the writer. At one point when it is possible to introduce a well known folk song with good effect the opportunity is lost. Even Dvorak's much discussed—when it was new—"From the New World," symphony had fifty times as much American tune to it, and not much then.

But if you do not happen to like this continual harmonic groping, you can thank a little man named Wagner for it; for in one sense, it is Wagner carried to the nth power. But while Wagner tackled a theme onto a situation or idea and kept it continually reappearing in its association—the "left-motif" or guiding theme—Puccini almost entirely discards this idea and with each recurrence of brutality offers new orchestral raucity; with each reappearance of love a new minnelied; with new jests are new scherzos. The opera is a series of beautiful promises—that are not fulfilled; that is to say, of rich melodic and thematic material which is suffered to disappear without development; a thousand musical episodes unconnected by the woof of logical sequence.

Yet the work is full of beauty. Even the many dissonant combinations have a beauty of their own. For the world has gone beyond the point where saccharine concordance is necessary to please the aesthetic sense. We like brainier music than we did thirty years ago—thanks be to Wagner. But one would enjoy a touch of the suave melody of "Tosca" or "Boheme," occasionally. So it may be safely said "The Girl" is optimistic rather than characteristic. The auditor is full of hope—for an hour or two—but hope unfulfilled, save by disjunct dissonance. As to the music being characteristic—it is thoroughly characteristic of modern Italy's striving for "something different."

Three casts alternate in the various presentations of the opera. The one of Wednesday night included Misses Dalloway and de Dreux and Messrs. Sachetti and Gantvoort—all well schooled singers and highly acceptable, though not in the Metropolitan company class. But that matters little, "the play's the

thing" with Savage, and he is right. The "prima donna opera" gradually will disappear. The ensemble was delightful, the rugged settings matched the equally rugged figures of the mining camp. "The Girl of the Golden West" was played too long in Los Angeles to make a retelling of its story necessary. In summary, it must be said it makes a better play than opera, despite the reams of Puccini's caustic and biting harmonies—or is it because of them?

Welsh choirs grow thick on the bushes this year. The second one to visit Los Angeles appeared on the Philharmonic course last week and was again promised last night. Almost the same words that were applied to the women's chorus might be given the work of the Mountain Ash choir. Its strength is in the ensemble work, the choruses being given with fine gusto and at times with delicate shadings, possibly with too strong a leaning to the sentimental in spots, but the good tonal qualities make amends. The men show they have stood up to a drill which American choirs are prone to shirk. The result is that the body of tone produced from seventeen voices equals that of a local chorus of three times the number. Every man is a full unit—letter perfect and plays the game of "follow your leader" to a finish. That is the kind of material our local choruses need. A chorus isn't much stronger than the weakest half dozen fellows in it. George Llewellyn has a pleasing baritone and a remarkably clear enunciation, which, by the way, is true of the entire chorus. In Harry Lewis an unusually good oratorio tenor is heard. In fact, Mr. Lewis was the surprise of the evening and his "Sound an Alarm" from one of Handel's oratorios, is one of the best bits of oratorio work heard here in many a day. Edgar Jones is a good accompanist, but offers an excellent example of how not to play piano solos, especially Liszt, before an assemblage so trained to hear virtuosic performances as is Mr. Behymer's Philharmonic audience. About eight hours a day of practice is recommended "Mr. Edgar Jones, R. A. M." (good title) before he equals the work of his colleagues.

Music lovers have a variety spread before them this week. First, and running through the week, came Anna Held's musical comedy at the Mason. This was in the way of taking your dessert prior to your soup and entree. For, January 3, came "The Girl of the Golden West" at the Majestic, offering the latest of Puccini's music; and two days later the symphony orchestra brought in the roast beef of a symphony by Mendelssohn with garnishings by Richard Strauss and Smetana, and with Saint Saens to serve as a cafe noir. And did the Welsh choir take the place of the cheese?

But if the musical palate was not sated this present week, how is the menu for the coming one, as follows: Monday, Kubelik's recital; Tuesday night and Thursday matinee, the French opera company in "Herodiad;" Wednesday, Kubelik again and "Lakme;" Thursday and Saturday nights, Charpentier's "Louise" at the opera, and Saturday matinee, "Lucia di Lammermoor." "Lakme" is given Friday night also. The opera season is announced to extend for a month. And it is sincerely hoped that the attendance will warrant that length of engagement. The company has been working together for several months and has developed an excellent ensemble, the

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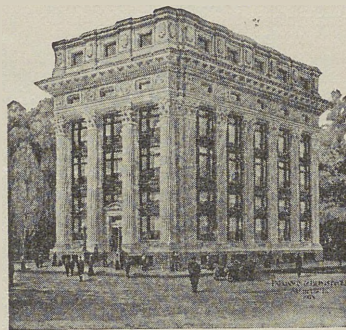
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San Francisco musical critics assert. Several of the soloists have received high acclaim, and from reports, a general high degree of excellence may be expected. The orchestra is remarked as being especially capable and the scenic settings are complimented. Inasmuch as this is not press agent's gush evidently there is an operative treat in store for Los Angeles. It is high time, for there has been no "season" of real grand opera repertoire for several years, save that offered by the Lambradi company—which was not always "grand," but in our operaless condition was welcome.

That this Paris Opera Company, so called, and largely deserving the name, offers a repertoire of works rarely heard in western cities, several of them never before heard in Los Angeles, will make it all the more welcome. Those who have, or make pretensions to musical knowledge and enjoyment should hear each of these operas of the modern French repertoire at least once. It is only by hearing that one can arrive at any degree of musical judgment or have the right to make criticisms or comparisons. And it is far from best for the musician to take his music at second hand from the press; it is better to undergo rigid economy for a few weeks if need be, and hear the great works and the great artists when occasion offers.

Last week the new municipal band made its first concert appearance in a program at Central Square. All available room—and there is not enough for such an event—was crowded. It was announced for 2:50 p. m. At 2:40 most of the band was present. At 2:50 the band was carrying its chairs a half block—from entrance to fountain. At 3 o'clock the music for the concert arrived and, soon after, a good program was well under way. Evidently, the band needs a business manager. Apart from this mere quibble, any

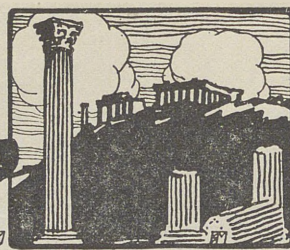
effort at providing a good grade of band music in public concerts and other functions is worthy of all encouragement.

I asked a pupil, now living in Los Angeles, and, for years, a friend of Lamperti, about that old master's personality. He told me that Lamperti—far from being incapable at the piano—was a most beautiful player, in his younger days having been the friend and accompanist of Rubini, acknowledged the prince of tenors. He was a contemporary and friend of Rossini, Verdi, Donizetti and Bellini, and he was for twenty-five years singing master in the Conservatory in Milan and received the government pension therefor, and the rank and title of "comendatore." Lamperti's eldest son was the "agente teatrale," or operative engagement broker and, it is probable, assisted his father's pupils—a most natural procedure. As to publishing a work "compiled through the musical knowledge of his accompanist," being such a superb pianist there was no need for an accompanist in his studio. The history of that book is that it was compiled by Signor Bianchi, of the Ricordi firm, the celebrated publishers of Milan. Lamperti scribbled occasional notes on scraps of paper and from these Bianchi developed a book so elaborate that the master hardly knew his own thoughts. As to the "reputation" of father by son, doubtless many a scapegrace son repudiates a celebrated father, especially if the son has tried to secure the governmental title intended for the father. Very little was written by the older school of singers concerning their "method"—to use an obnoxious modern term. They might publish a set of studies or exercises with a few bald words, but writing the "how" and the "why" was not their custom. Possibly, they couldn't write it and probably the public wouldn't have read it. So the thanks of the singing world are due to Bianchi for what he did, even though the ideas, simple in themselves, were covered with a maze of phraseology. The aim of the modern writers is to cut away the obfuscation of words and get down to the root of the subject, physiological and artistical.





# Art



EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK  
Detlef Sammann—Daniell Gallery.  
Etchings—Blanchard Gallery.

By Everett C. Maxwell

Most important of the exhibitions open to public view this week and next is the collection of sixteen landscape studies in oil from the expressive brush of Detlef Sammann of Pasadena. This well selected and artistically arranged showing opened Monday, January 1, at the newly remodelled gallery of Mr. Wm. Swift Daniell in the Copp Building, Los Angeles, and is free to the public every day from 9 to 5. It is with much pleasure that I direct attention to this first art exhibition of the new year, for Mr. Sammann is an artist of broad experience and a man whose sincere regard for art as a truthful medium of expressing nature in her more retrospective moods appeals to all who hold in reverence the perfect beauty and the silent message underlying all natural phenomena. By this I do not mean to say that Mr. Sammann has in all his canvases now on view expressed all that nature holds for the interpreter, for often I feel that the artist's vision has been clearer and more comprehensive than he has been able to transmit to canvas. His work is always of interest to the art lover and to the young student by reason of its evident sincerity and its feeling for the exquisite refinement of color and tone values. Fully to appreciate the remarkable advancement made by this artist, which is plainly visible in this collection, one should look back into Mr. Sammann's art past and observe the noteworthy lesson it teaches.

Mr. Sammann received his early training in the best art schools of Germany in those bygone days before the work of Whistler and Manet began its work of revolutionizing the world of art. While yet a young man he came to America and was one of the first to introduce interior and mural decoration into the United States. For more than fifteen years this artist maintained a permanent studio in New York in which time he was constantly busy at his work. His rare ability to harmonize colors and his creative genius as a designer linked with his power as an artist-painter soon won him an international reputation. In President Harrison's administration Mr. Sammann was commissioned to decorate the green and blue rooms in the White House. Seven years ago he decided that there was a higher plane of achievement than could be attained along decorative lines and he abandoned a remarkably successful business to devote his future to the study of legitimate art.

Impressionistic painting was then winning devotees all over the world and Mr. Sammann fell a willing victim to the difficult subtleties of this new school. He studied for four years under the great German impressionist painter, Prof. Wilhelm G. Ritter of Dresden, paying much attention to the essentials of drawing and technique. Failing health brought this progressive painter to California, twelve years ago and since that time he has been identified with the development of western art. For a time he maintained a studio in New York and one in Los Angeles, dividing his seasons between the two. At last the west proved too enticing and he willingly answered the call, establishing himself and family in an attractive home studio at No. 337

South Lake avenue, Pasadena, where he still paints and studies the things of nature he so loves.

Since coming to the coast Mr. Sammann has been induced to design and decorate interiors in the vicinity of Pasadena and Los Angeles. For a time this artist occupied a studio in Blanchard Hall while executing important tapestry commissions. Sammann's frescoes and mural decorations won him fame and money long before his easel pictures did. Among his best local work in this field of art is the Indian frieze in Edward Doheny's mansion and decorations for the reception room in Gen. H. G. Otis' home, "The Bivouac." For the last ten years, however, Mr. Sammann has followed the star of his dreams and his canvases in oil and watercolors are well and favorably known to all local art lovers.

His first western exhibition was a collection of decorative watercolor studies held in Blanchard Gallery six years ago. These still showed the influence of the decorator's art. Later, Mr. Sammann went abroad to study the work of foreign masters in the art capitals of the old world. On his return he again showed a large collection of foreign sketches in both oil and watercolor and six fine copies from famous paintings by old masters. Thus do we note the evolution of a dreamer, a dreamer who dreams the right sort of dreams and has the perseverance and energy to make his dreams come true. To-day, Mr. Sammann is counted as one of the staunch pillars in our temple of western art and although his brow is silver his face is young and his hand firm and the sun of his genius has not yet reached its zenith.

In the present showing at the Daniell Gallery I feel that Mr. Sammann has said more and carried his conceptions into a more nearly perfect form than in any previous attempt. He has studied to see nature through the individual and in expressing it on canvas has well nigh disarmed the critic of mere technical attainments by putting so much of himself into his pictures that a criticism would be more or less a personal attack upon the artist's character. Briefly noting the canvases I find much to admire and little to criticize. "Wild Mustard" is well considered. It depicts a great stretch of yellow bloom under a gray atmospheric condition. "Drifting Clouds" is a successful handling. It possesses movement of air and fine play of light. The coolness of day is well felt. "Spring," a small study of dull green oaks and fleecy clouds is spirited and pleasing, while "Oak Knoll in Bloom" is a simple composition of purple lupin on the side of a low hill.

"On the Chain Lakes," a San Mateo study, while not altogether satisfactory in composition is full of interesting features. From a low hill in the foreground on which fine oaks grow is seen a stretch of placid water. Beyond, a wooded bank rises to meet wooded hills. The cloud-filled sky is painted in a masterly way and the whole is strongly executed and full of elemental force. "Evening on Carmel River" is one of Mr. Sammann's most successful renderings. It is easy in line, fine in treatment and full of subtle qualities of light and air. A group of decorative trees on the river bank in the middle distance possesses depth of shadow and the topaz sunset is wonderfully luminous and of great pictorial beauty.

"Gray Morning" is exactly the same composition under vastly different conditions of light. The flush of dawn with its violet gray-and-mauve shadows are all poetically translated by the artist. "Snow and Flowers" depicts a gently sloping hill, carpeted with wild blossoms and in the distance is seen a majestic snow clad peak. "Early Morning, Catalina," introduces a gray mood of nature, and "Sunset Reflections" is a longshore marine in which the sky is the chief point of interest. "Gray Day in Spring" is a happy little canvas full of young life and suggested sunshine although the sky is momentarily clouded. "Dunes," a small study, wants quality, and "Dunes on Gray Day" is well painted but the subject lacks interest.

"Creeping Shadows," a small canvas, is unquestionably the best shown. On the summit of a rolling hilltop a tiny deserted cottage nestles beneath the whispering swaying boughs of a group of slender eucalyptus trees. Evening is approaching with silent tread. The sky vibrates with a glory of variegated luminosity and a shadow, soft, warm and languid, creeps visibly up the hill to meet the dusk. Here the restraint of powerful color is unexcelled in handling and the quality of conflicting light and shadow is a thing of transcendent beauty. "Blue and Yellow" is a well studied arrangement of blue water and yellow flowers and "View of Valley" is simple in brush work and good in tone. Barring a certain edginess in the immediate foreground and the whiteishness of the sky, this is one of Mr. Sammann's most delightful canvases. Let all who can attend this worthy exhibition.

W. G. Stevens of Worcestershire, Massachusetts, is showing two finely painted autumn studies in oil at the Daniell Gallery. "November Woods" is rare in technique and fine in color while "Autumn Pasture" is almost perfect in color value and composition. Mr. Stevens is an American painter of worldwide fame.

Katherine Rucker, who has been editing a Japanese magazine in English for the last two years, left Tokio for Los Angeles January 2. She will later go to New York.

Joseph Greenbaum is reported to be holding an exhibition of impressionistic landscapes in San Francisco.

Herbert Hallett, the picture dealer who has been in New York for the last six months, has returned to Pasadena. He is not handling pictures at the present time.

That interesting collection of etchings and engravings which Mr. David Friedman is showing at the Blanchard Gallery will remain on exhibition through January.

Rene T. de Quelin, who is now located in San Francisco, was here on a brief visit last week.

Martha Baker, the well known painter of miniatures, died in Chicago last week.

The Friday Morning Club art section will hold an art conference Thursday, January 25, in the club house, to which all artists are cordially invited. Several important topics will be discussed and addresses will be made by well known critics.

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Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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# Social & Personal

Cupid has been a busy little god in Los Angeles society the last few weeks, and interesting engagement announcements have been the rule. The latest is that made by Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Lindley of the betrothal of their daughter, Mary Frances, to Gustav Knecht of San Francisco. At a pretty, informal luncheon given by Miss Lindley in honor of Miss Helen Locke, who is visiting here from New York, the secret was imparted to a bevy of girl friends. Miss Lindley is one of the charming society girls of the city, and is a graduate from Marlborough and the Girls' Classical School of New York. Mr. Knecht, who formerly lived in this city, is in business in San Francisco, and Miss Lindley will swell the number of Los Angeles brides who have gone north to make their homes. As yet no plans have been made for the wedding.

In honor of Miss Earlda Baker, whose marriage to Walter John Wallace of Alhambra will be an event of next week, Miss Ruth Rivers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Rivers of 122 Santa Barbara avenue, entertained with a sewing bee Wednesday afternoon. The guests who plied their needles in making pretty things for the bride-elect were the Misses Earlda Baker, Marjorie Baker, Lois Baker, Lillius Ford, Margaret Miller, Jean Lines, Margaret Coffman, Hazel Darlow, Gladys Moore, Rhoda Hindge, Dorothy Simpson, Frances Vermilyea and Sara Hanawalt and Mesdames Frank Kidder, H. Tudor Tiedmann, Frederick Hastings Rindge, Jr., and Samuel Knight Rindge. Thursday afternoon Miss Helen McKevett, who has come from Santa Paula to make her home in Los Angeles, entertained with a theater party and tea for Miss Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davis of the Hershey Arms entertained a number of friends at the Mason and at supper at the Alexandria Tuesday evening. This afternoon Mrs. Davis is complimenting her niece and guest, Mrs. R. P. Catrall, of Cleveland, Ohio, who is passing January in Los Angeles, with a bridge luncheon. Those assisting the hostess are Meses. Lee A. Phillips, Arthur Letts, Harry Coffin, and B. M. Baker. Invitations have been accepted by Meses. Guy B. Barham, Walter Parker, W. I. Jones, H. F. Vollmer, W. W. Beckett, Newton Russell, Harry Moore, Nicholas Rice, Willis Booth, George Montgomery, Richard Perez, J. T. Fitzgerald, Otheman Stevens, R. I. Rogers, E. Avery McCarthy, Stanley McClung, William Lacy, W. W. Mines, W. G. Hutchinson, W. T. McFie, Maynard McFie, James P. Burns, Peter Janss, Edwin Janss, Harold Janss, Harold Braly, Everding, William H. Stimson, H. W. O'Melveny, Gail B. Johnson, Isaac Milbank, C. I. D. Moore, A. Young, Byron Erkenbrecher, I. Schwab, Max Kuehnrich, Henry T. Gage, Ed. Maxson, Robert Wankowski, Rufus Herron, E. A. Pardee, Richard Bishop, George Safford, Edward Barnes, C. R. Thomas, H. W. McCreery, David Murray, Willis Hunt, John Wilson, and the Misses Delmas, Helen Mathewson, Elizabeth Bishop, Wilson, Bessie Baker, Edna Letts, Pauline Vollmer, Josephine Lacy and Clarisse Stevens.

Miss Viola Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. D. Smith, became Mrs. Roy W. Frisbie New Year's night at the home of her parents, 1550 Second avenue, Rev. Baker P. Lee of Christ Church officiating. Pink and white roses were utilized in the decorations, the appointments being carried out in the same delicate colors. The bride was attired in crepe meteor, and her tulla veil was wreathed with orange blossoms. She carried a show bouquet

of bride roses. Her maid of honor, Miss Lena Pierce, wore white messaline draped with pink marquisette, while the bridesmaids, the Misses Isabel Smith and Florence Mitchell, were gowned in pink messaline draped with marquisette. Little Bethal Cribb, the flower girl, and Helen Gwin, the ring-bearer, were garbed alike in white marquisette. Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee will reside in their new home at Sixteenth and Cimarron on the conclusion of their wedding journey.

Miss Katherine Cook and Dr. Andrew Spinks were united in marriage at the home of the bride's sister, Miss Grace Cook, 454 Gramercy Place, Sunday night. The Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher performed the ceremony. The bride came here from Pennsylvania where she was educated. Doctor Spinks, who is the son of Dr. and Mrs. M. E. Spinks of Orange street, was one of the popular bachelors of the city, and is a graduate of the University of California. The young couple are temporarily at Hotel Virginia.

Mrs. Katherine Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Jr., 853 West Twenty-eighth street, has been the honoree of many social affairs since her return from school. New Year's Day Mr. and Mrs. Johnson kept open house, their home being the center of gaiety for both the younger and older sets. A number of Miss Johnson's friends have entertained for her this week. Thursday afternoon, Miss Helen Taggart of 2310 Scarff street gave a matinee party at the Orpheum, taking her guests to the Alexandria afterward, where tea was served. Clusters of roses and violets decorated the table, and the guests were Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Helen Taggart, Miss May Rhodes, Miss Jennie Buckley, Miss Ada B. Seeley and Miss Helen Gavagan. Thursday evening both Miss Johnson and Miss Taggart were honored by Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Brant of 3131 South Figueroa, who had a number of friends to dinner. Friday evening, Miss Georgia Off of South Flower street gave a dinner, and this afternoon Miss Juliet Borden is giving a matinee party in her honor. This evening Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood of St. James Park are giving a dinner for her. Monday morning Miss Johnson will leave for San Francisco, and in company with her grandmother, Mrs. Johnson, and her aunts, Miss Sada Johnson and Mrs. Charles Dick, she will sail January 10 for a tour around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Montague of Alhambra were among the "house-party" hosts for holiday week. Their affair was in honor of Miss Lucille Wall of San Gabriel, who will soon leave for Mexico. Many features, including theater parties and viewing the Tournament of Roses were arranged for the guests, who included Mrs. D. M. Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chipron, Mr. and Mrs. William Kremer, Mrs. Anna Russell, Mrs. Louise Richardson, E. Linck, Wayland Smith, Rob Wagner, Miss Maria G. Lopez, Miss Lopez, Jack Wells, Frank Rust, W. D. Howells, Miss Eureka, John Brush, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Rollins, Mrs. Helma Jahn, Miss Fannie Bixby, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Muller, Miss Marie Muller, Leland Muller, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wylie, Antony Anderson, Robinson Jeffers, Mr. and Mrs. Ignace Haroldi, Col. L. V. Young, Charles E. Zerfing and Paul Sheldon.

Tuesday night Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Martin of the Ivins Apartments gave a dinner at the University Club in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Lucien J. Clarke, who are planning to leave to take up residence in Porterville. Table mums and greenery, and place cards

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bells. Plates were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Paul Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Eli P. Fay, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Fay, Miss Elizabeth Neuman and Mr. Frank Neuman.

In honor of Miss Florence Willard, who is at home from Stanford for the holidays, and complimentary to other Southern California members of the Alpha Phi Sorority, Mrs. Gregory Perkins, Jr., entertained with a luncheon at her home, 627 St. Paul. Covers were laid for fifteen, and besides the honored guests several visiting Northern members were present.

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith of 2219 Hobart boulevard announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss May Katherine Smith, to Frank Edmond Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mar-

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tin. No date has been set for the wedding, which probably will take place in the spring.

Miss Grace Mellus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mellus, has chosen February 7 as the date of her wedding to Lieut.-Commander Samuel Brown Thomas. Miss Katherine Mellus is to be maid of honor, and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and Mrs. Walter Miller Clark will be matrons of honor. The bridesmaids comprise Miss Anita Patton, Miss Katherine Banning, Miss Olive Waring, and Miss Hazel Monson, and the groomsmen will be Norwood W. Howard, Volney Howard, John A. McGilvary and William P. Reid. Miss Mellus and her sister, who have been in San Francisco, will return home Monday evening, when plans for the ceremony will be completed.

Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood and her small daughter, Miss Mona, are planning to leave for New York, Tuesday, whence they will sail January 20. Mrs. Modini-Wood expects to join her mother, Mrs. W. H. Perry, and her debutante daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Florence Wood, in Cairo, after which the entire party will pass several months in seeing the sights of the old world.

Sunday, January 14, from three to five o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. John Kahn will keep open house at their handsome new residence, 221 Hobart boulevard, as a sort of house-warming to their many friends.

Mrs. John Wightman, Mrs. R. E. Page and the Misses Lulu and Elizabeth Page, who have been hostesses at a number of bridge parties the last few weeks, were at home at 1029 Elden avenue—the informal reception being greatly enjoyed by many callers.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Corwin of Hotel Alvarado gave a theater party at the Mason and a "watch" supper at the Alexandria New Year's eve, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. James C. Bannister and Mr. Huber Spahr.

Dr. and Mrs. Roy Malcom have returned from their honeymoon and are the guests of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Behlmer, 623 Carondelet, where they will be at home after February 1.

Miss Anita Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, 2327 South Flower street, was hostess at a dinner for a group of her young friends. Pink enchantress carnations, combined with ribbons and tulle and pink-shaded lights, with tracteries of ferns were charming appointments. Those who enjoyed Miss Thomas' hospitality were the Misses Delight Shafer, Eleanor MacGowan, Eleanor Banning, Louise Hunt, Helen Jones, and Daphne Drake, and the Messrs. Roy Silent, Hugo Visscher, Chandler Ward, Will Lovett, Craig Lovett, Hilliard MacGowan, Robert Meyler and John Garner.

Former Senator and Mrs. Eugene Ives of Shorb, Cal., and their daughter, Miss Cora Ives, gave a big dancing party at their home Friday evening. A large number of Los Angeles society people attended.

Owing to conflicting dates, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Monlux of 1703 West Twenty-third street, changed the date of the dinner which was scheduled for tonight, and entertained Wednesday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Hortense Monlux, who is at home from Mills College for the holidays. Table decorations were of violets, and covers were laid for ten. Besides the honoree and the hosts, those present were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rogers, Miss Dora Rogers, Harry Rogers, Charles Rogers, Irving Augur, and Charles Creeth. Miss Monlux will return to college January 9.

Mrs. Alletta E. Wilson and her daughter, Mrs. Sumner Quint of 1217 Arapahoe, are entertaining forty guests this afternoon at a five hundred party in honor of Mrs. Wilson's daughter, Mrs. E. W. Ober, of Salinas, Kas., who is passing the winter here, and also in courtesy to Mrs. Charles C. Teague of

Santa Paula who is making a short visit. Decorations and appointments are in red and green. Luncheon will be served, and a musical program will be rendered.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Callander and Mrs. M. L. Bates of 1175 West Twenty-ninth street, entertained with a luncheon at the Annandale Country Club New Year's Day, following the viewing of the Tournament parade. White Killarney roses were used in the table decorations. This was the first of a series planned by Mrs. Callander and Mrs. Bates. Those who enjoyed the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson, Mrs. H. E. Graves, Dr. and Mrs. M. M. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Cogswell, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Henderson, Dr. and Mrs. Milbank Johnson, Mrs. Helen Steckel, Mrs. L. E. Arnold, Miss Della Bates, Miss Evelyn Johnson, Miss Emma Bates and Roy Arnold.

Among the New Year's affairs at the Craggs was a luncheon at which gathered Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kingsley Macomber and Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cass, who are occupying their new home at 1601 N. Fair Oaks avenue, South Pasadena, will entertain a coterie of the younger set at dinner Sunday evening. Guests will comprise the members of a house party given by the Zeta Psi fraternity at Stanford—of which Louis and Donald Cass are members—the week of the big football game.

Fraternity and sorority entertainments are numerous in the holiday season, the alumnae being especially active in plans for the delectation of the young college people who are home for the Christmas season. Members of the Alpha Phi Alumnae Association held their annual luncheon recently, at which they elected officers. Guests included alumnae members and a number of "actives," as those still in college are called.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Bent of East Avenue Forty-nine kept open house New Year's Day, holding an informal reception both afternoon and evening.

Miss Annette Ives, daughter of former Senator and Mrs. Eugene Ives, of Shorb, will accompany Mrs. L. N. Brunswik on a trip to New Orleans.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Jones Burdette of "Sunnycrest" Pasadena held their regular monthly salon Tuesday evening, when their guests were entertained with music and readings.

Mr. and Mrs. Gail Borden Johnson, 345 Westlake avenue, have returned from a six weeks' tour of the East, and are again at home to the friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Welsh, 748 Garland avenue have as their house guest Mrs. Earl Drake and little Miss Pauline Drake who are here from Mount Vernon, Ohio.

Preceding the affair of Mrs. Frank Griffith and Mrs. Joseph Cook at the Country Club Wednesday night, Mrs. Jeanette Garner of 745 West Adams street gave an informal dinner party to a small circle of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Seibert of Indianapolis, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. C. M. C. Raymond of Hobart boulevard are passing a short time in Long Beach. On their return, Mrs. Raymond will entertain with a bridge party for her mother.

Mrs. Kate Vosburg entertained with a house party at her country home at Azusa.

Mrs. Philip Forve of 427 Westlake avenue gave the second of her series of affairs Tuesday afternoon, when seventy guests lunched with her. Holiday decorations were gay throughout the house and on the luncheon tables.

Because of conflicting dates, Mrs. Martin Jacob Golden of 674 West Twenty-eighth street has indefinitely postponed the tea which she planned

to give Tuesday. Before the return of her daughters, the Misses Agnes and Margaret Golden, to the Sacred Heart Convent, Mrs. Golden will entertain with a dancing party.

Mrs. J. J. Ferrall of 900 South avenue will be hostess at a luncheon for the Los Angeles Alumnae chapter of the Pi Beta Pi this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Francis Regan of Providence, R. I., have decided to make Los Angeles their future home, and are occupying their handsome residence at Ninth and Burlington. As Mrs. Mary Hart, Mrs. Regan occupied a prominent place in Los Angeles society, and her return has been warmly welcomed by her large circle of friends. Mr. Regan is a retired manufacturer, whose marriage to Mrs. Hart took place in New York about three years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight Rindge of Kingsley Drive are passing January in Arizona, at the ranch of Mrs. Rindge's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willita J. Hole. Mrs. Rindge is planning an elaborate luncheon for her parents when they return from abroad in March.

Miss Margaret Goetz of 308 South Reno street was hostess at a buffet luncheon and musicale recently given in honor of Miss Hortense Monlux, who is at home for the holidays. Miss Monlux will return to Mills College early in the year.

Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Murietta—the latter formerly Miss Gregory of San Francisco—whose marriage was one of the big society events of the early summer, are here from their home in Jerome, Arizona, and are at the Alexandria. They have been the guests of Mrs. Murietta's parents in San Francisco for the holidays. Several informal affairs have been planned for Mrs. Murietta. After a week's visit Dr. and Mrs. Murietta will return to Jerome.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Boothe, who have been passing their honeymoon on an orange ranch near Porterville, have returned to their Northern home after enjoying the Christmas festivities in Los Angeles. Mrs. Boothe was formerly Miss Helen Dickinson.

In compliment to Mrs. John S. Chapman, who recently returned from Munich, where she remained a year with her daughter, Miss Mary Chapman, Mrs. Cecilia A. White marked the first of a series of affairs which she is planning by a luncheon at her home, 492 Harvard boulevard. Pink carnations formed the table decorations. Covers were laid for Mrs. Arthur J. Waters, Mrs. W. T. Miller, Mrs. Lyman Farwell, Mrs. Felix Howes, Mrs. O. F. Brant, Mrs. Harriet McCutcheon, Miss Kate Spence, Mrs. E. F. Spence, Mrs. E. C. Barber, Mrs. Joseph D. Radford, Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood, Mrs. Stephen Hubbell, Mrs. A. C. Bilicks and Mrs. W. G. Cochran.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Newbold Bonsall, who have just returned from their wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Newton of 931 West Adams entertained a number of guests at dinner.

Mrs. W. A. Barker of 1689 West Adams street, whose big affair at the Country Club was one of the joys of the holiday season, will give another and more elaborate party Wednesday, January 10.

This evening Mr. and Mrs. Charles Franklin Potter are entertaining with a bridge party at the Ebell Club.

New Year merrymaking was the signal for many house parties this season, among them being that of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Marshall whose beautiful country home near Chino was thrown open to a large number of young folk in honor of Miss Daphne Drake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Drake, who is enjoying her holiday vacation. Several affairs have already been given for Miss Drake, and a number of others are scheduled.

Miss Clara Scott is entertaining this afternoon with a bridge party in honor of Mrs. E. C. Bower, formerly Miss



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We have some especially choice patterns which we wish you would come in at once and look over. And any of my customers will tell you that Goldsmith clothes fill every requirement of exclusive tailoring.

I wish you would drop in today and look through my stock of domestic and imported woolsens. My reputation doesn't permit me to carry anything but the finest materials obtainable. Workmanship is the Goldsmith kind.

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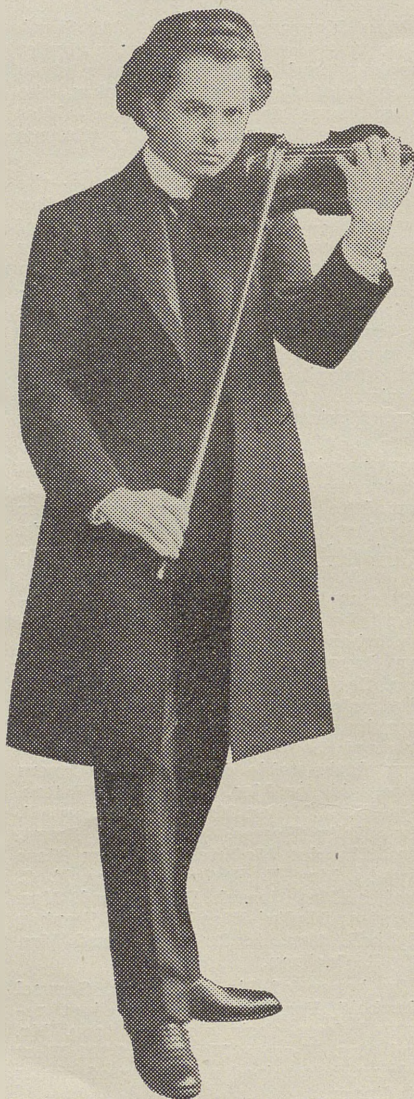
# Cheaters

Prescription: Fifteen short girls, attire scanty; fifteen tall girls, attire plenteous—below a certain imaginary line; three comedienues, one singer, a dozen dancers, pretty stage effects, gorgeous costumes, an alleged libretto—and Anna Held—who combines a good deal of the above list in herself—and there you have the musical show she offers at the Mason this week. It is of the order with which her name has been associated for a decade and one can get a good idea of it by a glance at the above category. Miss Held (Mrs. Florence Ziegfeld) is herself dressy, Frenchy, funny, fussy, engaged in the same ocular demonstrations at the audience as of yore. The court that sat on the pulchritudinous capacities of her attendants evidently was one that was impartial, with no leanings toward mercy to the applicant; and there, with the bewitching costumes and stage effects, presented a happy spectacle with which to begin the new year. And just as one was prepared to be highly shocked, one wasn't—save possibly at wrinkles in tights where none was made by nature. As to music, there are several pretty tunes, but none that lingers in the ear beyond Second street. One of the best is a pronounced copy of the Floradora sextet. Harry Watson is the most wonderful mugger among comedians and supplies merriment between the displays of feminine attractions. He is ably assisted by several others, notably Sarah Edwards and Ernest Lambart. Truly, the piece is frivolity, but judging by the attendance, frivolity is what the dear people want, so here's hoping the Mason audiences will all feel as gay throughout 1912 as they did the evenings of the first week.

## "Nest Egg" at the Belasco

Anne Caldwell's homely American comedy, "The Nest Egg," is the Belasco offering this week, with Emelie Melville in the leading role of Hetty Gandy. The situations which give the play its title and the interpolated humor are the only things which distinguish this piece from dozens of others of like caliber—but such distinction is enough to give it place. Its fun is infectious, even if illogical. Hetty Gandy, an old maid of Eaton Center, becomes romantic and while packing eggs to go to the city, she writes on one shell her name and address and a coy verse. Three years pass, and Hetty hears nothing from her messenger. Then, one day, comes a telegram informing Miss Gandy that Wiley Bassett has found her egg and will be in Eaton Center at noon, expecting her to return with him to Albany immediately. Hetty prepares for her wedding—only to find that Mr. Bassett, in the interests of pure food, is suing a commission firm for selling him an egg which has been in cold storage three years—as proved by Hetty's writing on the egg, and wants her as a witness, not a wife. However, after Hetty has won his case for him, Mr. Bassett discovers he cannot afford to lose her—and it all ends happily in play-fashion. Miss Melville shoulders the largest portion of the performance, and as a whole she is excellent. Her tendency to descend to low comedy methods and introduce business which a Hetty Gandy would never conceive is a blot on an otherwise appealing drawing. Robert Ober, Roberta Arnold, Richard Vivian and Bessie Barriscale play the youthful lovers who are necessarily brought into the action. Miss Arnold is a charmingly girlish Alice, and Bessie Barriscale extracts every laugh from her character of an athletic, if

lovelorn maiden. Vivian's work is well suited to his part, and Ober is pleasing and boyish as the mysterious hero. Mr. Ober should learn that words are valuable things, well worth careful handling. An improved enunciation would add greatly to the effect of his work. Donald Bowles does the best work of his local engagement in a character part, and Howard Hickman leaves a mellow impression of Mr. Bassett. In spite of the fact that she is too large for the role, Selma Daley, a Belasco newcomer, lends radiance to the child-part of Pansy-Etta. An ap-



JAN KUBELIK. AT THE AUDITORIUM

peaking chi'dish sweetness, coupled with a delicious prettiness, make her audience entirely forget that she is unsuited to her assignment. The scenic environment is good.

## "Man of the Hour" at the Burbank

George Broadhurst has written one of the most popular plays of the decade in his drama of love and politics, "The Man of the Hour." It is an excellent medium for a stock company production—and the Burbank organization is using it to good advantage this week. The story is well known to almost every theater-goer—how Alwyn Bennett, society man, is offered the mayoralty of his town because his name "looks good," and because the political powers think he will be a tool. However, in the face of losing all that is dear to him, he lives up to

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IN order to lower stocks in our Clothing Department, we've made prices on all Suits, including Blues and Blacks, that are simply marvelous for values.

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Values to \$12.00, Now \$ 9.50

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SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY

The Home of  
Musical Comedy.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Phones Main 1967.  
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WEEK BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, JANUARY 7.

Ferris Hartman and his superb company will be seen in the first stock company production of

## Princess Chic

Popular prices. Matinees Sunday and Saturday. Popular Mat. Tuesday.

his duty—with the reward of virtue that is always dealt out to play characters. It is a strong and stirring story, typically American. Forrest Stanley's Alwyn Bennett is a good piece of work, clean and manly. As Dallas Wainwright, the object of his affections, Florence Stone has little to do but look the part—which she does exceedingly well, her costumes strongly appealing to her feminine admirers. After her admirable portrayal of the "grouch" in "Brewster's Millions," William Wolbert's idea of Scott Gibbs, the villain is a disappointment. Charles Biblyn makes a capital old man, and Henry Stockbridge as the youthful Perry is a delight. Two of the best roles in the piece are those essayed by David Hartford and James Corrigan, who play the politicians—perhaps not so well as we have seen them done, but more than acceptably. Ernest Wilkes' handling of the difficult part of Henry Thompson is unusually well balanced.

## "The Rosary" at the Lyceum

Attractions at the Lyceum are gradually increasing in merit, and the audiences, especially matinee audiences, are growing correspondingly larger. This week's booking is "The Rosary," a play of a religious tendency which deals with the efforts of a kindly Catholic priest to reunite an estranged husband and wife, and to make right the wrongs of his little parish. There is not

enough of the religious element introduced to become offensive, there is a good deal of comedy and enough pathos pleasantly to effect the matinee attendants to tears. Harrison J. Terry as Father Kelly is unctuously good, endowing the part with a great deal of color. His small company gives him acceptable support. Jean Ward, who plays a dual role—twin sisters—is pleasing, even if at times she becomes stagey. Unusually good scenic investiture mounts the offerings.

## Orpheum Novelties This Week

With an absent headliner for its opening bill this week, the Orpheum management was not the least daunted, and in the place of Johnny Ray—who was left at Tracy, where he stopped off for sandwiches—they featured the Mexican singer, Senora Elora Arroyo de Jordau, on their New Year's matinee bill. Although disappointed at the non-appearance of Mr. Ray, who is a vaudeville favorite, the audience apparently found sufficient solace in the presence of the singer. By all means, the favorites among the newcomers this week are Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGreevy. McGreevy as an old, broken-down country fiddler, and Mrs. McGreevy as a plump and gossiping Sis Hopkins type of bouncing maidenhood, made the hit of the bill. Les Fraed, the French ventriloquist, following as he does upon the heels of a performer vastly his superior is not too warmly appreciated by



his audience. Mlle. de Fallieres, whose "family" consists of a number of clever little dogs, puts them through the usual gamut of canine tricks, although with a difference of scenic accompaniment. A direct appeal to the heart of the vaudeville devotee is a male quartette—particularly if it offers old favorites and popular songs. The Four Entertainers have excellent songs, and the comedian, in a negro make-up, and with a mellow bass, gets over even with stories that the Ancient Mariner would hesitate to relate. Unconscious comedy is offered by the tenor, who sings a ballad of old times, "When you-hoo a-and I-hi Were-her Young-hung," with a tenderness that makes it doubly funny. Holdovers are the Six Bracks, James Diamond and Clara Nelson, and Brown, Harris & Brown.

#### Offerings for Next Week

When Pierre Grazi came to America two months ago, and made preparations for the opening of his grand op-

greatest "Carmen" on the French stage, assumes the character of "Herodiade." M. Coiglio, the basso, has a dramatic duet with Mlle. Tarny. M. Mascal, the baritone, also is a star. Wednesday night, January 10, and Friday night, January 12, are reserved for Delibes' delicious opera, "Lakme," with Mme. Fregoleska in the title role. The heroine is a midget, and it is said she has the voice of a nightingale. Madame Fregoleska is supported by the tenor, Mr. Ferrier, and a notable baritone, M. Demangane. The contraltos will be Madame de Journal and Mlle. Tarny. Thursday night, January 11, and Saturday night, January 13, Charpentier's "Louise" will be presented to the west for the first time. It is an opera with a meaning, carrying an earnest but subtle appeal for improvement in the condition of the working people, especially the working woman. Musically, this opera is in many respects the most important of



ADA REEVE, COMEDIAN, AT THE ORPHEUM

era season in San Francisco, he was greeted with distrust, but before his engagement was half through it was one of the successes of the year. Manager Behymer has secured these Parisian song birds for Los Angeles, and announces to his musical patrons that he will present them at The Auditorium for two weeks, beginning Tuesday night January 9, when Massenet's greatest work, "Herodiade" will be offered, repeating it Thursday matinee.

This opera is based on the Biblical story of John the Baptist and Salome, daughter of "Herodiade." Madame Richardson, the "Salome" is a dramatic singer of unusual voice, who has been called "the new Nordica." In addition to her singing, it is claimed that she is a beautiful young woman and an accomplished actress. M. Affre is the star tenor of the Grazi organization. He receives \$1000 a performance, and he sings but twice a week. Mlle. Tarny, the contralto, who is considered the

greatest "Carmen" on the French stage, assumes the character of "Herodiade." M. Coiglio, the basso, has a dramatic duet with Mlle. Tarny. M. Mascal, the baritone, also is a star. Wednesday night, January 10, and Friday night, January 12, are reserved for Delibes' delicious opera, "Lakme," with Mme. Fregoleska in the title role. The heroine is a midget, and it is said she has the voice of a nightingale. Madame Fregoleska is supported by the tenor, Mr. Ferrier, and a notable baritone, M. Demangane. The contraltos will be Madame de Journal and Mlle. Tarny. Thursday night, January 11, and Saturday night, January 13, Charpentier's "Louise" will be presented to the west for the first time. It is an opera with a meaning, carrying an earnest but subtle appeal for improvement in the condition of the working people, especially the working woman. Musically, this opera is in many respects the most important of

Until a few weeks ago, Manager William A. Brady steadfastly refused to permit "Way Down East" to be used by any stock company, but finally he has granted the Morosco-Blackwood

Morosco-Blackwood Co.,  
Props. and Managers

## BELASCO THEATER

BEGINNING MONDAY, JANUARY 8.

Matinees Thursday, Saturday  
and Sunday. Every Night at

The Belasco Theater Stock Company will offer for the first time by a stock company Douglass Fairbank's recent success,

## A Gentleman of Leisure

With Robert Ober in Mr. Fairbank's original role and every member of the Belasco Company in the cast.

Morosco-Black-  
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## MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

Main Street,  
Near Sixth.

BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, JANUARY 7, 1912.

The Burbank Stock Company will present for the first time by any stock organization in the world, William A. Brady's million dollar winning play,

## Way Down East

### HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

Broadway, near Ninth. LOS ANGELES' LEADING PLAYHOUSE. Oliver Morosco, Manager.  
BEGINNING SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 7.

THE ABORN OPERA COMPANY will present their modern version of

## THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

COMPANY OF 100--GREAT CAST--20 HORSES.

Prices--50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.

Broadway, bet. 6th & 7th.  
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AMERICA'S FINEST THEATER--ABSOLUTELY FIRST CLASS  
ALL WEEK, BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, JANUARY 8, 1912.

Ada Reeve  
London's Pet Comedian  
Mrs. Gardner Crane & Co.  
"The Little Sunbeam"  
Genaro & Bailey  
Versatile Entertainers  
Cunningham & Marion  
Acrobatic Talfest

The Rays  
"Casey, the Fireman"  
Those 4 Entertainers  
Classy Musical Act  
Mlle. De Fallieres  
and Her "Family"  
Les Fraed-Nad  
French Ventriloquist

SYMPHONY CONCERTS AT 2 AND 8 P. M. WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS.  
Every night at 8, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, Boxes \$1. Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10c, 25c, 50c, Boxes 75c.

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Spring St., between 2d and 3d  
Matinees Sun., Wed., & Sat.

WEEK BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, JANUARY 7.  
BARGAIN MATINEE WEDNESDAY, ALL SEATS TWO BITS

Henry Blossom's  
Great Racing Play  
ONLY company that has ever appeared in this Fascinating Play.  
Nights, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, boxes \$1. Regular Matinees, 15c, 25c, 50c.  
To follow, "THE THREE TWINS." Seats selling.

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## THE AUDITORIUM

L. E. BEHYMER,  
Manager.

Special Announcement--Two Weeks of Glorious Music--Beginning Tuesday Night, Jan. 9.

Matinees Thursday  
and Saturday. PARIS GRAND OPERA COMPANY

Direction Pierre Grazi, of Paris Grand Opera and Opera Comique.  
THIRTY PREMIER VOCALISTS--CHORUS of 60--ORCHESTRA of 40

#### REPERTOIRE:

Tues. Night, Jan. 9 "Herodiade" Thurs. Night, Jan. 11 "Louise"  
Thurs. Mat., Jan. 11 "Lakme" Sat. Night, Jan. 13 "Lucia"  
Wed. Night, Jan. 10 "Lakme" Sat. Mat., Jan. 13 "Lucia"  
Fri. Night, Jan. 12

#### SEAT SALE NOW OPEN.

SPECIAL PRICES--Lower Floor, \$2.00; First Balcony, \$1.50 and \$1.00;  
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Owing to large seating capacity of the Auditorium, these reduced prices prevail.

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SECOND EVENT, SECOND PHILHARMONIC SERIES

MONDAY  
EVENING,  
January 8

## Jan Kubelik

The Greatest Violinist of the Age  
LUDWIG SCHWAB. ACCOMPANIST

WEDSDAY  
MATINEE,  
January 10

Seat Sale now on at Bartlett's and Auditorium. PRICES--75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, and \$2.50.  
STUDENT RATES TO CLASSES.

company the use of his famous comedy drama for a single week, and beginning Sunday matinee, the Burbank company will present it. "Way Down East" is regarded with love and sentiment by almost every playgoer, and has held an exalted position for twenty years. The play has earned more than a million dollars for Mr. Brady and has been the direct means of placing him among the most prominent American producing managers. It will enlist the services of all the popular Burbankers and afford the patrons of



this playhouse an opportunity to sympathize with Aaron Moore, the heroine, and to enjoy the homely humor of Hi Ho'er. James Corrigan will have the role of the steel-hearted Squire Bartlett; Forrest Stanley will be the son, David, Henry Stockbridge will find big opportunities in the rich comedy of Hi Ho'er; Charles Giblyn will be the city chap, Sanderson; Florence Stone will play Anna Moore, while David Hartford as Doctor Wiggins, Wilis Marks as Rube Whipple, Grace Travers as Kate Brewster, Lillian Elliott as Mother Bartlett and Florence Oberle in the part of the gossip Miss Perkins will contribute individual efforts that should result in making "Way Down East" an excellent production.

Douglas Fairbank's recent new York success, "A Gentleman of Leisure," will be the next week's offering of the Belasco company, beginning with the Monday night performance. It is a new comedy of American life by John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse, and received its first production in New York only last October, and is still one of the reigning successes. This comedy is entirely new to local playgoers, and is another instance of the Morosco-Blackwood's company securing a play for production before it is released for stock. The story centers about a young society man, of wealth and leisure. Seeking excitement, he bets a number of friends that within three days he will burglarize someone's house—and get away with it. That same evening the boy is the victim of a burglar, but manages to persuade the hold-up man that he too is of the profession. Together they play a "job," with a surprising and amusing result. Robert Ober will be seen in Douglas Fairbank's original role, Bessie Barriscale will play Molly Greedon, the girl, and every member of the Belasco company will be found in the cast.

At the Majestic Theater Sunday evening the Aborn Opera Company will present its modernized version of "The Bohemian Girl," which is said to eclipse any previous presentation of this opera. It is a spectacular revival of Balfe's best known work. This is the first special scenic production of this version of the opera since the revival at the Theatre Lyrique in Paris in 1869, when it scored a tremendous success and Balfe, the composer, was decorated by Napoleon III. Among the original scenes is a complete Kirmess of Old Bohemia, introducing troubadours, dancing girls, fortune tellers and acrobats, etc. The dramatic episode of Devilshoof's escape over the mountains is said to be thrilling. The encampment of the wandering gypsies and the reproduction of the grand salon of Count Arnheim it is claimed are scenic triumphs. The cast includes Blanche Morisson and Anna Hull, alternating as Arline, Hattie Belle Lad as the Gypsy Queen; John R. Phillips as Thaddeus, Harry Luckstone as Count Arnheim, George Shields as Devilshoof and Augustus Vaughan as Florestein. The engagement is limited to one week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday, the former at special prices.

For the first time by a stock company anywhere in America, "Princess Chic," one of the most famous musical comedies ever written, will be presented at the Grand Opera House, by Ferris Hartman and his associates, beginning Sunday matinee. "Princess Chic" served Marguerita Sylva as a starring vehicle and made her famous. There are many big singing numbers which require big vocal ability. The scenes are laid in France in the reign of Louis XI. The costuming and staging is lavish. The story is a pretty one—telling of intrigue in the court of Louis the Bold. Princess Chic is betrothed to the brave Charles—although she has never seen him. Desiring to gauge the character of her fiancé she goes to his court in the disguise of an envoy. Charles treats the

envoy coldly and the Princess changes her disguise to that of a peasant. In this garb Charles falls in love with her—with the usual happy result. Miss Nana Bryant will be seen as Princess Chic, and Percy Bronson will play Charles the Bold. Ferris Hartman will play Chambertin, steward to Duke Charles—a big comedy role. Myrtle Dingwall, Lucille Palmer, Josie Hart, Vilma Stech, Frances White, Joseph Fogarty, Robert Leonard, Harry Polard and the other members of the Hartman company will be seen in congenial roles.

There is no gainsaying the fact that "Checkers" is to the liking of playgoers in this city, who will welcome the announcement that it is to be seen at the Lyceum for one week opening Sunday matinee, January 7. "Checkers," which is the story of a race track man, is a simple and natural tale and one which apparently has a lasting appeal to audiences. It pleases all classes. Herbert Cavanaugh will be seen in the title role, Dave Braham will again be "Push Miller," the race track tour, and Miss Florence Heston, who for the past two seasons has played Pert, will again be seen in the role. This is the only company which has ever presented this American comedy, and includes many of the original artists. Following "Checkers," "The Three Twins" will be seen at the Lyceum.

Ada Reeve, the greatest of England's serio-comic entertainers, comes to the Orpheum next Monday matinee, January 8. Miss Reeve is a character artiste. She is not of the "quick change" type, but relies upon the gown and her own personality to "get over." Miss Reeve is said to be an expressive lyric singer—a rarity among "entertainers." Her stay is for one week only. Two other headline acts come with Miss Reeve. Mrs. Gardner Crane and her company in Mrs. Crane's laughing skit, "The Little Sunbeam," and Genaro and Bailey, the dancers. Mrs. Crane, who is known as "that plump dispenser of laughter," has a comedy vehicle which deals with the trip of a couple on scalper's tickets in a Pullman, and the ensuing complications when one of them proves to be a man. Mr. Genaro and Miss Bailey will illustrate the latest dancing fads, with their "Flirtation Dance" as a finale. An "acrobatic talk-fest" will be presented by Cunningham & Marion. The Rays will present a new act, "Casey, the Fireman," and the other holdovers are "Those Four Entertainers," Les Fraed-Nad, the French ventriloquist turn, and Mlle. de Fallieres and her dog family. The orchestral music will be of its usual high order, and especially good pictures are promised.

Phenomenal success has so far attended the present tour of Jan Kubelik, violinist. He is the possessor of two essentials of success, the first a marvelous technical skill and musical intelligence, the second a distinctive personality, that elusive thing known as magnetism. He comes to Los Angeles, his third visit, as the second event of the second Philharmonic Series, appearing at The Auditorium, Monday night, January 8, and Wednesday afternoon, January 10. He is one of the world's favorites, and wherever he appears his success is assured from the moment he appears on the platform. His programs are well chosen.

#### Asides

No attraction is billed at the Mason for the coming week, but January 15 the house will reopen in that favorite and interesting comedy of Winchell Smith's—"The Fortune Hunter," with Fred Nible in the role which he played so acceptably last season.

Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith will lecture at the Ebell Club House Thursday, January 11, and Wednesday, January 17, at 10:30 a. m. Her subjects are as follows: "Damaged Goods," "Maternity," and "Little Dream of Brieux," by Galsworthy.

## Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

Zola Hanawalt, and Mrs. Francis Kanne, remembered as Miss Anne Richards.

Of interest to a large circle of friends in this city was the marriage of Miss Keturah Paul, daughter of Mrs. Mary K. Paul of Hollywood to John Severin Schroeder of Morenci, Arizona. The ceremony took place New Year's eve in Tucson, after which the young couple left for their home at Morenci.

Formal announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Hazel Monson, daughter of Mr. L. W. Monson of San Francisco, to Volney E. Howard of this city. June has been decided upon, and the wedding will take place in San Francisco, after which they will return to Los Angeles to make their home. Miss Monson is to be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Grace Mellus, and Mr. Howard will attend the groom.

As a scene for smart affairs the Los Angeles Country Club is daily growing in popularity. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith of St. James Park and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Cook of Severance street entertained nearly two hundred guests Wednesday night with a buffet supper and a dancing party. Those who received with the hostesses were Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Joseph Sartori, Mrs. W. A. Barker, Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mrs. J. J. Meyler, Mrs. Will T. Bishop, Mrs. J. C. Drake, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Mrs. J. T. Griffith, Mrs. William S. Hook, Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, Miss Elizabeth Wolters, Miss Juliette Boileau and Miss Echo Allen.

Miss Laura Almada of Mexico City who is at the Hershey Arms for the winter months, honored Miss Grace Constance Willis of Houston, Texas, and Miss Daphne Drake with a dinner Thursday night. Guests were the Misses Katherine Ramsey, Juliette Boileau, Margaret Gaffey and Messrs. Walter Brunswick, Sayre Macneil, William Kay Crawford and Mrs. Macneil.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Jack Jevne and Mrs. Arthur H. Braly for a luncheon at the Los Angeles Country Club Tuesday, January 16. The affair is in honor of Mrs. David Murray and Miss Emme Wharton.

Wednesday evening, January 10, Mrs. William St. John Rawney of Pasadena will entertain with a reception and dance at the Valley Hunt Club.

Mrs. William E. Ramsay and Miss Katherine Ramsay of Western avenue are entertaining Monday evening with a dinner dance in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Smith (Miss Macneil) who recently returned from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Y. Boothe of 714 West Twenty-seventh street kept open house Monday, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Jaeger of San Diego. Those who assisted Mr. and Mrs. Boothe in receiving were Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Boothe, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Boothe, Mr. and Mrs. William Carey Marble, Dr. and Mrs. Titian J. Coffey, Mr. and Mrs. George Keating, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Henneberger, Miss Gertrude King, Miss Alice Middleton, Miss Katherine Bashford and Miss Clara Vickers.

Mortimer Lazard is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lazard of Westlake avenue for a few weeks. Mr. Lazard is handling the tour of John McCormack, the Irish tenor, who has been singing with Melba in Australia, but who opens his American season in Victoria, February 9.

Mrs. Wallace L. Hardison and Mrs. William Irving Warner of 866 West Washington street were hostesses at a New Year's dinner, covers being laid for fourteen. The decorations were in red throughout the house, and table decorations were in poinsettias, red carnations and smilax, with unique



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### "The Saint"

Lv. Los Angeles.....5:15 p.m.  
Lv. Pasadena.....5:40 p.m.  
Ar. Berkeley.....9:44 a.m.  
Ar. Oakland.....9:50 a.m.  
Ar. San Francisco.....9:55 a.m.

### Returning, "The Angel"

Leaves San Francisco at  
4:00 p. m.  
Phone for reservation  
E. W. McGEE, Gen. Agt.  
334 So. Spring St.  
Phone, A 5224; Main 738  
Broadway 1559

## Santa Fe

place cards which were Mrs. Hardison's own work. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Blaikie of Boston, Mr. William Everett Blaikie, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Graves, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Groves, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Groves, Jr., Mr. John A. Smith, of Seattle, and Miss Georgena Whitehouse, and Mr. Warner. The hostesses kept open house all day, Mr. Dale Going, Mrs. Hardison, and Mrs. Going rendering a musical program.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Herron, formerly of the Hershey Arms, are at Hotel Darby for the winter.

Miss Daphne Drake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake, and Miss Constance Willis, who is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. E. J. Marshall, are the honored guests at a tea-party which Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner is giving this afternoon at her West Adams street residence.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Janss (Miss Florence Cluff) were honor guests at several fetes while passing the holiday season with Mrs. Janss' parents. A number of her girl friends entertained for her, and Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff gave an elaborate dinner at the Fairmont.

Miss Conchita Sepulveda who has been the house guest of Mrs. John G. Mott, Mrs. Nathaniel Myrick, Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner while in Los Angeles, has returned to her home in Mexico City.

After a long absence from this city—in which time they have been touring the world, Mr. and Mrs. Alden W. Skinner have returned, and are at the Hershey Arms.



## On the Reviewer's Table

(Continued from Page Seven)

instructive chapters on the railway situation, together with the peculiar council of nations, which has governed the policies of the country, and is still continuing to do so; on Florence Nightengale's wonderful work of mercy and emancipation of the Turkish women; of the efforts and success of Dr. Hamlin, of Robert college for the young men—stories of fine devotion, of which every Englishman and American may be justly proud. Education is working great changes for good in Young Turkey. Mr. Curtis' letters are full of quiet humor that is delightful and his style is plain and straightforward, but graphic, as best suits travelogues. ("Around the Black Sea" and "Turkistan, the Heart of Asia." By William Eleroy Curtis, Geo. H. Doran Co.)

## Letitia Goes Adventuring

"The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry," which is the latest story from the prolific pen of Mary Roberts Rinehart, will wrinkle many a face with mirth, for it abounds in delicious humor—the sort of humor that is broad but clean, devoid of subtlety, but which affects one to chuckles and audible mirth. Letitia Carberry is a maiden lady of uncertain age and temper—known to her familiars as "Tish." She is as romantic as a schoolgirl, but hides this fact beneath a caustic wit, and her heart is as large and warm as her tongue is sharp. She has a nose for adventure, and goes forth to seek it in automobiles, hospitals and motor-boats, accompanied by her two sister-spinsters, one of whom has a sense of humor, and the other an appreciation of romance. Tish finds adventure galore—murders, ghosts, eloping couples, etc. She reunites estranged lovers, without any fairy godmother aid, however. She does it all in a headlong, self-sufficient manner, with a dry humor that makes her an irresistible figure of fiction. One may find fault with the author for her tendency to plunge into the ending of her story before she begins it—an inartistic blunder which befores the action. After she gets into the telling of her tales she writes tersely and clearly—always a valuable asset to an author. It is worth any one's while to go adventuring with Letitia Carberry. She leads one through strange and devious ways and will afford a hearty laugh. ("The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry." By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

## "House of Happiness"

It is amazing that so many cheery, companionable Christians, whom it is a delight and a blessing to know, should intone their religious experiences to such lugubrious music! With happy smiles that belie their words, the white-haired grandfather and the bright faced young girl stand to sing "I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can tarry but a night," or chant "What a Worm am I?" In like manner M. Anstice Harris sees the difficulty in the way of the "House of Happiness," often through the path of pain. Yet he has painted three charming little water-color sketches, as it were, with his pen, in conclusion, that are full of the joy of living, and the richness of loving. The first of these is a summer morning in the country, the second is the burial of a neighbor in the village, and the third is a Christmas evening in a cold and snow-bound region. Like so many singers Mr. Harris is too cheerful and too human to give his gloomier words their surface meaning. "Lost world," "sad world" and "sinful world" are cries that the frivolous heed not, and the seriously minded feel assured are not true. ("The House of Happiness" by M. Anstice Harris, Geo. H. Doran Co.)

## "One Thousand Books for Children"

What shall the boy, or girl, read? With what books shall the lads' or the lassies' library be stocked? Many persons with young friends are at a loss in the choice of a gift book; or foolishly think anything to read, bound into a volume is good enough. Even par-

ents do not always realize the influence of a good book, or the individualities of their children. Penrhyn W. Coussens says, in a valuable list of "One Thousand Books for Children": "In the matter of reading, it must be remembered that the child of seven is as truly a critic as a man of seventy;" hence, he logically continues, "It is neither wise nor just to force upon him material against which he instinctively rebels." These book titles are grouped, with the mental development of the boy or girl at various ages in mind, into nineteen lists. A short descriptive note outlining the character and color of each story follows the suggestion. Glancing over the list memory recalls happy hours old favorites, tried and true friends of several generations, with a fine lot of new entertainers. Fairy tales, nature study, Bible stories, adventure, science and poetry, to meet the desires and needs of the hungry young minds are included in this useful little volume. ("One Thousand Books for Children." By Penrhyn W. Coussens. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

## Magazines for January

Lippincott's for January has for its novelette Kathryn Jarboe's "Kilmorgan's Heir," which ranges in locale from the Arizona desert to the storied castles of old England, and has for its heroine a fascinating Mexican girl. The tale itself, while well told, is not of remarkable quality. There are many short stories by well known authors, among them, "The Rope," by Eden Phillpots, "The Infidelity of Sam Foster," by John D. Swain, "The Pearls," by Emery Pottle, "Eugene," a pathetic juvenile tale by Margery Williams, "The Runaway Host and the Modest House-Breaker," by J. A. Meyer, and "Just Jane," by B. MacArthur. Forbes Lindsay contributes "The Prospective Panama Canal," Edward Sherwood Meade's financial article is entitled, "The Banking House as an Aid to Investors," and the "Ways of the Hour" news-gatherers are Robert Grau, Mary Eleanor Roberts, Frank Bicknell and Kate Masterson. A number of poems and epigrams and the regular "Walnuts and Wine" department complete the issue.

Sunset Magazine, which since its consolidation with the Pacific Monthly has been aptly re-christened "Sunset—the Pacific Monthly," is San Francisco from beginning to end in its January number. In answer to the many queries about San Francisco's ability to hold a Panama-Pacific Exposition, President Charles C. Moore opens the number with a lengthy statement, entitled "San Francisco Knows How!" Many interesting illustrations mark the article. A set of pictures called, "A Tour of the World in San Francisco," are both entertaining and enlightening. Western personalities dealt with are Charles C. Moore, James Rolph, Jr., and Mrs. Overton G. Ellis. Our own Bessie Barriscale is featured among the "Stars of the West" department. Louis J. Stellmann writes of Ishi, the uncontaminated, Joseph R. Knowland tells of the things to come "When the Canal Is Opened," and Rufus Steele deals with the famous hotels in his "Eating and Sleeping the Stranger." Short stories are "Officer of the Day," by Hugh Johnson, "Pigs in Pokes," by Peter B. Kyne, and "The Ghost of the Alameden," by Stella Wynne Herron. David Starr Jordan considers "Japan and the United States," there is a further installment of Edmund Mitchell's serial story, "Captain of His Soul," several poems and the Development Section.

For January "The Theosophical Path" offers a budget of good things to its readers. Excellent illustrations abound in the number, several of them depicting the ground-breaking ceremonies of the School of Antiquity at Point Loma. Among the contributions are "Illusions of Time and Space," by William Q. Judge, "Cycles of Opportunity," by J. H. Fussell, "Art Real-

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION 04243  
Not Coal Lands.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

November 29, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that Jacob Nathan, of 306 Amelia St., Los Angeles, Cal., who, on June 1, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 11763, Serial No. 04243, for E½ NW¼, N¼ NE¼, Section 28, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 10th day of January, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Isaac Calvert, J. T. Brown, Edward A. Mellus, Karl H. Keith, all of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Date of first publication, December 2, 1911.

## Facts About the Lampertis

Recently, a writer in a local morning daily made numerous assertions about Lamperti, senior, the celebrated Italian maestro, the teacher of Albani, Catherine Hayes, Campanini, Shakespeare and other notables. To condense his statements, he said that Lamperti, senior "never studied to become a singer, was an engagement broker for opera singers, could not play a chord on the piano, published a singing method compiled through the musical knowledge of his accompanist and was openly repudiated by his own son, now a teacher of repute in Dresden." A few facts about this interesting family may not be out of place here, for Lamperti

was to the modern vocal world what Leschetitsky is to the pianistic. In the Lamperti family there were the father and three sons. The one who is "now a vocal teacher of repute in Dresden" went to join the heavenly host—let us hope—in 1910. Concerning Lamperti, the elder, Grove's Dictionary—the final work of resort—says: "He followed the method of the old Italian school of singing instituted by Faranelli and taught by Crescentini, Velluti and others. He thoroughly grounded his pupils in the production of pure tone."



# Stocks & Bonds

Mexican Common continues the one juiciest melon on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange list, with the price close to 50, at this writing. Within the market being combed of stock, the confident predictions of insiders that the shares will bulge at least ten points more before a halt is called, would appear to be no idle boast. Preferred of the same group is keeping up with the procession. Pools, said to be operating from several eastern financial centers, are stated to be responsible for the remarkable spread in the Doheny Mexicans in the last two months. Common has gained better than \$15 a share since the upward trend first became manifest, while the spread in Mexican preferred has been better than \$10 a share in the same period.

Stewart petroleum continues soft, in the face of the fact that Union is expected to show an exceptional annual statement, next week. With markets for the product about ready to broaden the entire oil list, where management, production and other essentials are what they should be, indicate much better prices in the comparatively near future. Associated has lost a part of its recent price gains, with Amalgamated, however, considerably stronger than the market has been showing lately. Central is asleep and about ready for another move upward, because of expected company financing.

Bank shares continue in demand for investment, F. & M. National having sold close to 230, its record price, this week. First National is steady, at about 600, and Security Savings is wanted at about 405 ex-dividend. Southern Trust is in demand at better than recent high record quotations, with Equitable also wanted.

Citizens National, Central National, and Home Savings, as well as German-American are quiet. The latter continues to score periodical advances of a substantial character.

Bonds are not active while the industrial list is quiet, with the exception of the L. A. Home issues, U. S. Long Distance, Edison pfd and Los Angeles Investment. Edison is especially active.

Among the lesser oils Rice Ranch remains a favorite, and is cheap at present prices. Western Union continues quiet. Palmer is inactive; Jade has begun to show signs of awakening. California Midway has not yet found anything like a reliable level, with the stock selling at about 17. Consolidated Midway remains an uncertainty, with the company's big trust note indebtedness due early in March. Oleum is easy and soft. There appears to be but slight comfort in the present market for those who are short in the standards, with little opportunity at this time for anything like a decent scalp in sight.

Mining shares are still showing signs of performing one of these days, Arizona and other coppers and Nevada precious metals having recently scored important advances in New York quotations. Money conditions remain about as last reported.

Next Tuesday, the Los Angeles Stock Exchange will hold its annual meeting.

## Banks and Banking

Consolidation of the Globe Savings

Bank of Southern California was completed this week—the name under which the institution is to act to be the "Globe." For the present the quarters of the Bank of Southern California at Seventh and Broadway will be retained, but on the completion of the building of the Los Angeles Investment company a portion of the ground floor of that structure will be used. The authorized capital of the merged bank is \$500,000, of which \$300,000 is paid up. Deposits are \$1,500,000 and loans amount to \$1,100,000. Officers are as follows: President, Charles A. Elder; vice-presidents, F. H. Haskell, A. C. Hupp, M. N. Newmark, and James A. Foshay; secretary, W. D. Deeble; cashier, R. H. Morse; assistant cashiers, C. W. Matson and G. M. Derby. Following is a list of directors: A. J. Waters, Charles A. Elder, Charles Casat Davis, M. N. Newmark, James A. Foshay, William F. Ball, T. E. Gibbon, A. C. Hupp, R. H. Morse, R. D. List, Dr. H. M. Bishop, W. D. Deeble, Charles Lloyd, F. H. Haskell.

In discussing the general business outlook, John J. Mitchell, president of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, regards financial conditions sound and money promising to be easily obtainable for all legitimate business. Credits are not extended and new enterprises are not likely to obtain to large proportions until our industrial situation is cleared. The volume of business has shown improvement of late, but profits remain small, while the expense of doing business is steadily increasing. We have a presidential year ahead of us, which will likely mean attacks indiscriminately on capital and corporations for political purposes, which will not have the effect of improving business, yet the shelves are quite bare and for more than a year all lines have been running from hand to mouth, and when sentiment leads the business world to believe they can safely work out, the elements are at hand for great activity. The conditions now of the industrial world, through the workings of the Sherman act, are so chaotic that something will surely occur to amend the present law or substitute something else—we cannot continue this uncertain position without naturally affecting our prosperity. With fair crops the coming year we should look to the future with confidence.

December banking reports show prosperous conditions in California, and particularly in Los Angeles, for the quarter ending December 5. As compared with the September report of 16.85 per cent on the average reserve, December conditions show a percent of 17.16 per cent on the average reserve, December conditions show a percent of 17.16. Loans and discounts have increased from \$82,776,844 to \$88,776,408; gold coin from \$6,071,291 to \$7,277,269, with total specie increase from \$7,523,852 to \$8,996,122, and deposit increase from \$97,418,436 to \$110,990,460.

Banning, Cal., will be the first postal bank point between Colton and Yuma, the postmaster having been notified to prepare for the opening of the institution January 8.

Having decided that the rents charged for ground floor space for local savings banks is excessive, the Hibernian Savings Bank directors have decided to move, and after March 17 will oc-

cupy the second floor of the Union Savings Trust building, where a special elevator will be installed for the use of patrons.

Comptroller of Currency Murray has received an application from the First National Bank of Van Nuys for a national bank charter. The bank was organized a short time ago with a capital of \$50,000. As soon as the charter is granted, the bank will open the building which was recently erected. O. J. Wigdal is president of the institution.

Notice of sale of \$3,500,000 power and \$3,000,000 harbor securities that required bids for entire issues has been rejected by the council and city attorney, and a new one will be drawn. It is probable that the date set for the receiving of bids—February 14—will be postponed.

Acting as security for the big bond issue of the Pacific Light and Power company, the United States Mortgage and Trust Company of New York has incorporated with a capital stock of \$5,000,000. One of the directors is J. Pierpont Morgan.

Los Angeles' board of public works has recommended to the city council that Alhambra avenue, from Mission Road to the west city boundary be paved without delay. The cost is estimated at \$40,000.

Fullerton's board of supervisors and grand jury have agreed that the county needs a poor farm, and a bond election will probably be called in the next few weeks.

Glendora school bonds were defeated, owing to the refusal of the people to indorse the plan of the school trustees to erect a twelve story building.

## Stock and Bond Briefs

We are now entering upon the largest investment period of the year. In this month in the neighborhood of \$250,000,000 will be distributed throughout the United States in the form of interest and dividend payments, and while a goodly share of this vast sum must go to the baker and grocer, says the Chicago Post, there will be the customary reinvestment of matured principal, investment of surplus income and the investment of new money that has characterized the first month of the year heretofore. January, 1912, however, may be particularly distinguished. The last year has not been a good one for investment dealers in general. There has not been any extraordinary demand for commercial loans, and, in consequence, money has been permitted to accumulate. These are the prime signs of acute activity in the bond market. The signs have been evident for several months, and although good investments are on a reasonable basis as to price, there has not been anything like the demand that should exist under such conditions it is possible that the January investment demand may lead to the investment of much of this idle money. The floating supply of good securities at present prices is not large. There is practically, nothing now in process, and it would not be surprising, should this activity appear, to see the same accompanied by higher prices for good bonds.

Santa Ana's \$200,000 bond issue for a polytechnic school will be put on the market in blocks of \$50,000. The first block will be sold immediately, and others as required. Architect Sturgeon of Los Angeles has been engaged to draw the plans for the school, and it is expected that the shops will be ready at the beginning of the next school term.

Hemet city council has passed an ordinance demanding the acquisition, construction and completion of sanitary sewer, main outfall sewer, sewer disposal works, and sewer farm. A special election has been called January 17, for voting \$30,000 bonds to cover construction cost.

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217½ S. Spring St., Upstairs.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Not Coal Lands 03882  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
Dec. 8, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that James A. Craig, of Topanga, Cal., who, on November 13, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 11211, Serial No. 03882, for E½ NE¼, NE¼ SE¼, Sec. 11, NW¼ SW¼, Section 12, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 19th day of January, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: A. W. Von Arnswaldt, Alfred Hinker, Fred. H. Post, J. D. Heron, all of Topanga, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.  
Date of first publication, December 16, 1911.



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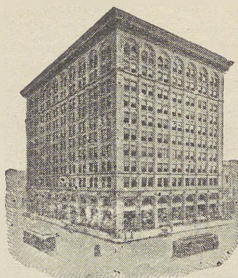
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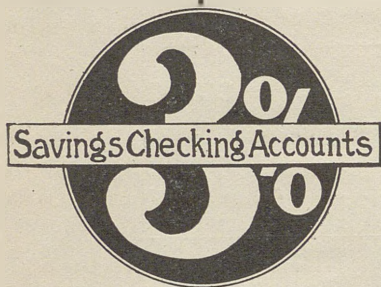
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S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.  
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.  
Capital, \$300,000.00.  
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

**CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK**  
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.  
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.  
Capital, \$1,500,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

**COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK**  
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.  
NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier.  
Capital, \$200,000.  
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$51,000.

**FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK**  
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.  
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.  
Capital, \$1,500,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.  
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.  
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

**MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK**  
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.  
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.  
Capital, \$200,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.

**NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA**  
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.  
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.  
Capital, \$500,000.00.  
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

**NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE**  
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